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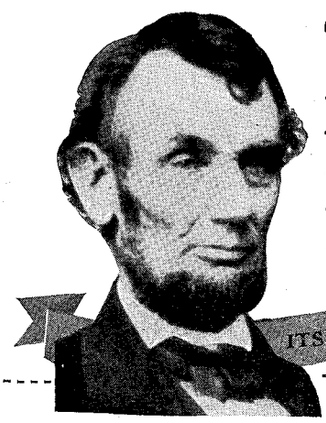

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The Literary Digest

FOR JULY 11, 1936

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Mail

Wants Poll

Sir:—Rush along the *Great* and *Sure Barometer* (The Presidential Poll), for regardless of how or for whom I vote I get a clicking kick out of the weekly forecasts. H. M. TODD.
Seattle.

Jonah and the Whale

Sir:—Your comment on Jonah and the Whale, your true story and illustration and your hook-up is marvelously well done. We are indebted to the clever news item it made.

Also, while we like to give New York a great deal of credit for doing many things, as residents of Philadelphia, we sure would like to have Philadelphia given credit as the address for the publishers of this book.
Philadelphia. W. K. HOLMAN.

Jehovah's Witnesses

Sir:—In a recent issue, Leo Wolfenstein, M.D., asked for the distinction between Jehovah's Witnesses, who refuse to salute the flag,

(*Continued on page 39*)

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JULY 11, 1936

Topics of the day

BATTLE-LINES DRAWN IN STEEL TRADE

Employers Voice Warning; Lewis Defies A. F. of L., Pushes Drive

Huge smoke-stacks rising from the valley loom higher than the mountains around Homestead, Pennsylvania, symbol of steel strife—yesterday and to-morrow.

In Homestead's houses of soot-smirched wood and liver-colored brick last Sunday, brawny leather-faced men put aside their dungarees and donned their Sunday-best. Through narrow alleys thick with hollyhocks and weeds and along the streets they streamed to a dusty field in the middle of the town.

Memorial Wreaths—There, on a bunting-bedecked platform, they saw four small wreaths of roses, with bows of pale green ribbon, and the legend "In Memoriam: The Spirit of 1892 Lives On."

In the blazing sun 2,500 men in shirt-sleeves, women in cheap cotton dresses, and children scrubbed clean of the gleaming slack which settles on everything in a steel town, bowed hatless heads in silent tribute. A pipe-fitter off the Sunday shift read a "Steel Workers' Declaration of Independence." A State officer pledged protection to union men. Others spoke challengingly. Then the crowd moved on to the cemetery, where they laid wreaths on four graves marked by uninscribed tombstones.

The occasion was the anniversary of the sanguinary steel strike which cost ten lives at Homestead in 1892. This gesture toward the past cast a shadow over the future.

To-day union labor is once again storming the stronghold of the open shop—the $5,000,000,000 steel industry. Steel has sounded a grim warning that it will not take the onslaught sitting down.

Will barges, loaded with strike-breakers, guards and ammunition, once more slip down the Monongahela from Pittsburgh six miles away as they did on the night of July 5, 1892? Will pickets and strikers meet them again in battle at Homestead as anxious townsmen line the shore?

Prospect of Violence—Steel executives say no, because unionization will get no place among men contented with their present lot. Labor leaders say no, because they will invite no violence in a peaceful organization drive. Government spokesmen say no, because labor will be protected in its right to bargain collectively. History says maybe. Every major attempt to expand union strength in the steel mills has brought trouble. The present drive is the most ambitious yet.

The Homestead clash halted trade-union growth until the War, which gave it new impetus. In 1919, William Z. Foster, later Communist candidate for President, led a movement that culminated in a strike of about 365,000 steel workers in twenty States. Eighteen strikers were killed, hundreds wounded, thousands jailed. After the strike ended, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, an orthodox American Federation of Labor union, lost the new strength it had gained.

Under the warm glow of the NRA, the Amalgamated membership ripened to 100,000 in 1933. Steel operations were low and there was no strike. After the NRA faded, the Amalgamated slumped again. This spring it boasted only 7,000 dues-paying members out of the half million workers in steel.

But all earlier attempts to storm the impregnable steel fortress seem minor engagements compared to the campaign now being waged to line up steel workers with the ten unions in John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organization.

In Pittsburgh, a steady stream of organizers passes across the blue carpets in the headquarters of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, swankily set up in the entire thirty-sixth floor of one of the city's most modern sky-scrapers. The $1,000-a-month rent comes out of the $500,000 fund supplied by the CIO, militant offshoot of the American Federation of Labor.

The organizers hope to win over from company unions and from the old-line craft-unions all the men who make steel—the goggled welders and chippers, the heelers, rollers and puddlers who brave the glare of blast furnaces with tongs and helmets; the wire-drawers and all the rest—and sign them up in one big union.

The United Mine Workers have long been cemented in such a union under John L. Lewis, fiery force behind the new drive.

The personal push comes from Philip Murray, tall and rangy Vice-President of the UMW. Murray, a member of the Pittsburgh Board of Education, tho he completed only the sixth grade of grammar

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John Llewellyn Lewis: despite ultimatums, his drive goes on

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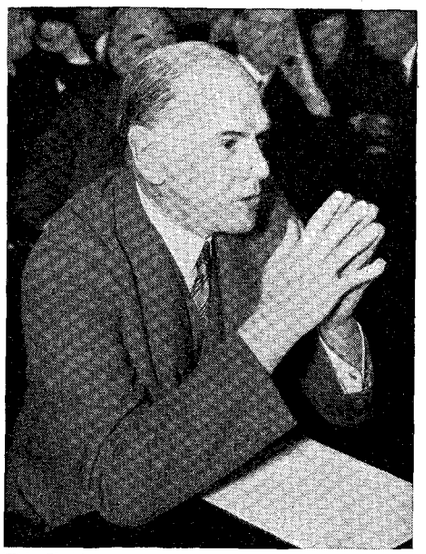

Wide World

Pictures, Inc.

Wide World

Eugene Gifford Grace: 375 newspapers carried his ultimatum

school, once stopped a march of 10,000 West Virginia miners at the request of President Harding. He vows to keep bloodless his present march toward industrial unionization. But last week he was moved to snort: "If the moguls of steel are interested in preventing strikes, why are they now resorting to intimidation, coercion and discrimination against their employees?"

He referred to a challenge which had just issued from another sky-scraper—New York's Empire State Building. There the directors of 95 per cent. of the nation's steel, speaking through the American Steel and Iron Institute, warned that the unionization drive would "foment strikes," interrupt business and "endanger the welfare of the country." Full-page advertisements flared in 375 newspapers, giving stern notice that steel would protect its employees from "intimidation, coercion and violence from any source."

Employers' Chief—It pitted against the personality and power of Murray the personality and power of Eugene Gifford Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and head of the Institute.

A few days after his graduation from Lehigh University thirty-seven years ago, Grace started to work on an electric crane for Bethlehem. In 1929 he drew a bonus of $1,623,753 from the corporation. As he contemplated the sunny state of steel, he had cause to wonder why a shadow should fall across it now, of all times.

Steel lost $285,000,000 from 1931 to 1934, but turned the corner last year with net earnings of $62,961,000. Operations, booming to fill automobile, railroad, PWA and other big orders, reached 74 per cent. of capacity, a new high since May, 1933. The number of employees surpassed any peace-time period. Hourly wage rates were 6 to 7 per cent. higher than the 1929 peak and 8 per cent. above the average for all industry.

Ninety-three per cent. of the mill forces were skilled or semiskilled, some getting from $12 to $15 a day. Most employers were granting vacations with pay. Ninety-two per cent. of the employees in the industry had voted in the June elections under employee representation plans. (Organizers say the vote is controlled by employers; employers deny it.)

Strikes might normally be feared where there was wide-spread dissatisfaction with working conditions. Other factors must enter the present threat.

Recognizing that a boiling over of grievances piled up by depression might be partly to blame, the National Industrial Conference Board attributes the growth in strikes largely to the generally sympathetic attitude of government to labor-union activities.

CIO leader Lewis stands squarely behind the President and the New Deal. His organization drive has a long way to go. Steel leaders expect those considerations to forestall a show of strength until after the November election.

Dual Contest—Meanwhile, Lewis faces another showdown—this one within the ranks of labor—on the issue of industrial *vs.* craft-unions. Last week the ten unions represented in his committee defied the A. F. of L. Council's demand that they answer charges that they are promoting a rival union, or be expelled. Instead, they set out to solidify allies among the 108,000 rubber workers and the 350,000 automobile workers. Already the CIO commands 1,000,000 workers—a third of the Federation membership.

The steel campaign may fortify the Federation. It may split it wide open. Meanwhile Lewis plunges ahead toward industrial unionism, the Steel Institute's "declaration of war" tacked on the wall beside his desk.

"We will resist with all our strength all efforts to impose such an organization upon the employees," William A. Irvin, President of the United States Steel Corporation, warns.

Press Comment—Industrial publications added their voices.

The Iron Age (Philadelphia): ". . . it means that a united front will be presented to labor agitators, and therefore the customary guerrilla tactics of deploying strong pressure against the weakest units will be ineffective."

Daily Metal Trade (Cleveland): "After being plagued by labor policies of the NRA, attacked by various New Deal agencies including Ickes and the Federal Trade Commission, after being charged recently with collusive bidding . . . the steel industry is serving notice that it is a giant aroused."

Back at the giant came these retorts:

John Lewis: "A strike is foolish, unnecessary and unjustifiable unless the steel corporations provoke it. . . . If war is forced upon us, there will be a hard fight."

William Green: "The Steel Institute's statement is the characteristic reply of the steel industry whenever the workers show a disposition to organize into a free, independent union to fight their own battles."

Union News (Washington): "Peacefully and legally, but with the utmost determination, the unions have set under way a movement that company threats and violence can no more turn back than *King Canute* could turn back the tide."

Labor Record (Philadelphia): "The statement of the Steel Institute is written in letters of blood. It is evident that the history of American industry will again be blackened by the repetition of violence, not stopping at slaying, that is traditional with steel opposition to attempts of their workers to organize . . ."

In Washington, trouble-shooter Joseph McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, follows the daily reports and shakes his head. "It may easily develop into a serious situation," he admits.

WISCONSIN LEADS: State Is First Again, This Time With Unemployment Insurance

"Again Wisconsin, the laboratory of radical experimentation, leads the way. But whether toward triumph or toward disaster remains to be seen."

Those two sentences begin the preface to "Unemployment Insurance in Wisconsin," a 266-page treatise on how a pioneer State is adding to its workers' sense of security.

Late this month, or early in August, Wisconsin's *Hans Schmidts* and *Ole Olsons*, jobless but willing to work, will begin collecting from $5 to $15 a week, not as a dole, but as benefit payments because of partial or complete lay-offs.

Thus the nation's testing-ground for new ideas of political economy jumps the gun eighteen months ahead of other States adopting unemployment compensation plans. Already there is $11,000,000 in the

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State's Treasury to reassure unemployed *Schmidts* and *Olsons* that the cupboard won't be bare when they call.

All this money has been shelled out by employers of Wisconsin who provide work for ten or more workers. The employees themselves have made no contributions, for the Unemployment Compensation Act does not require them to.

Since July last year, 37,000 industrial employers have been building up this reserve fund by contributing 2 per cent. of their pay-rolls. Through these payments, the State's employers became responsible for the employment of 400,000 workers, but only to the extent that they are responsible for their own men.

Accounting System—There is no pooling of these built-up reserves. What each employer makes as contributions is treated as a separate account. When his reserve equals $75 for each of his employees, he need make no more payments until his own separate fund falls below that average.

Thus, if no men are laid off, the employer saves his 2 per cent. That, economists believe, may tend to keep men on the job.

Seventy employers, with 3,000 employees, have procured exemption from the compulsory employment insurance law either by guaranteeing annually to every employee who would be eligible to unemployment compensation forty-two weeks of work for at least two-thirds of the hours normally worked in his plant, or by adopting a satisfactory voluntary plan for unemployment benefits.

But in some Wisconsin factories, business has been poor. So, helpers who earn less than $1,500 a year soon will receive one-half of their weekly wages in the ratio of one week of unemployment for each four weeks that they have been employed since July 1, 1935.

In no case, however, will any worker receive more than $15 a week for thirteen weeks. If a worker is laid off, and promptly finds another job, he is not eligible for benefits from his first employer. But, if his second job doesn't last long, his first employer still is liable if twenty-six weeks haven't elapsed.

Employment Agency—Administration of this first jobless insurance experiment also includes an elaborate system of job-finding under which there will be "waiting periods" before benefits become payable.

All that means a big administrative force. There are sixty employees now in the Unemployment Compensation Division of the Wisconsin Industrial Commission on the seventh floor of the Utility Building, at Madison. From the windows of his spacious offices, Paul A. Raushenbush, Director of the Division, can overlook the State Capital in all directions.

A blond six-footer with bushy eyebrows, he was an instructor in economics at the near-by State University. He and his wife, the former Miss Elizabeth Brandeis, daughter of Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court, are credited with State-wide promotion of the unemployment compensation idea.

Through local committees, they, and other Wisconsin University economists, managed to persuade the State Legislature to pass the bill in 1931, but hard times slowed up putting it into effect.

When it came to administering the plan, the State borrowed him from the University, calling him "the best-posted man in the United States to-day on unemployment compensation problems."

When the flood of claims starts, Raushenbush may have to double his office-staff.

Differing Predictions—Meanwhile, Wisconsin employees are confident that the jobless insurance will prove a "triumph" rather than a "disaster."

From the other side of the fence, George F. Kull, Executive Secretary of the Wisconsin Manufacturers' Association, believes the law will make it harder for unemployed workers to get on pay-rolls, because employers will tend to standardize their forces.

Yet, like many another loyal Wisconsin resident, he concedes that the State's pioneering social legislation may lead to ultimate achievement of the objectives laid down by the State University's brain trust of economists.

NEW DEAL BULWARK:

Lehman, New York's Mighty Vote-Getter, Yields to Draft

One day last week, while Alf Landon fished and Franklin D. Roosevelt toiled at his desk, Herbert H. Lehman issued the long-expected announcement that he would seek a third term as New York's Governor. In Washington, Democratic stock went up; on Cow Creek, Colorado, Republican hopes sagged a little. Professional gamblers, more alert even than politicians to the significance of the event, switched their odds from around even money to 8 to 5 on the President to carry his home State in November.

"Victory definitely assured," Chairman-Postmaster General Farley wired Albany. "Makes me very happy," Mr. Roosevelt told newspaper men. Sighed Mrs. Lehman: "I hoped things would be different. . . . I can't say I'm happy, and I can't say I'm unhappy." Democrats generally, except perhaps at Tammany Hall, had no such "mixed feelings"; they were elated at the prospect of clinching New York's forty-seven electoral votes.

If Republicans saw the precious forty-seven slipping, they masked their fears in studied unconcern. But National Chairman John D. M. Hamilton, in accusing his rival strategists of "planting gubernatorial candidates to pull their candidate through," admitted what all Republicans were willing to admit—that Mr. Lehman has been the most potent Democratic vote-magnet in the history of the Empire State.

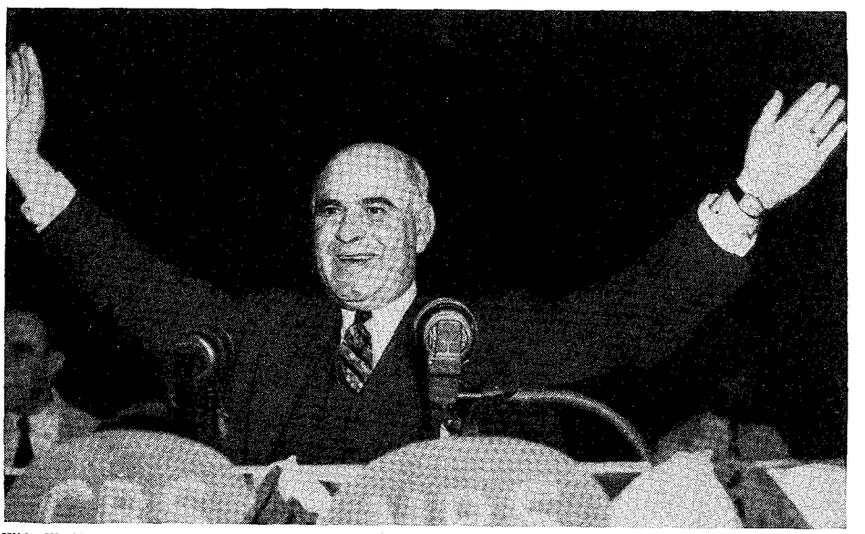
Drawing Power—Reasons: 1. A winning personality. 2. Jewish race and religion in a State which boasts nearly 3,000,000 Jews. 3. A liberal, social-conscious philosophy that appeals to 10,000,000 workingmen-voters. 4. A solid, conservative banker's background reassuring to the nation's financial capital. Roosevelt and Al Smith had been popular; Lehman's 800,000 plurality in 1934 outstripped those of both his predecessors by more than 100,000 votes.

Nevertheless, the Governor long had been wanting to return to private life. On May 20 at Albany he told reporters: "I feel that the time has come when I may ask release from the cares and responsibilities . . ." Dismayed Democratic wheelhorses besieged Farley to organize a "Draft Lehman" movement. President Roosevelt shook his head sadly. "I hope very much that Governor Lehman will reconsider. . . . New York State needs him." Meanwhile a group of social workers rounded up a "State-wide Citizens Committee for Lehman"; the draft drive swept forward.

Loyal to President—Arriving at Philadelphia for the convention, the Governor scotched rumors that he was not 100 per cent. behind his chief. When Smith's letter was made public, he made light of the views of an older and once nearer and dearer friend than Roosevelt. When the delegates demonstrated for the President, the Governor led the New York parade.

Then, when he mounted the stand to second his leader's renomination, the draft plan gathered its final momentum. The New York Young Democratic Club had set the stage, had persuaded the delegations of thirty-five States to petition the Governor to run. As he lifted his voice, a band crashed out the signal. Placards broadcast the slogans: "We Want Lehman," "A Great Governor," and "Lehman by a Million." The crowd roared for twelve minutes.

Twenty-four hours later the President's own persuasive tongue applied the final pound of pressure. On the private train which whisked the two from Philadelphia's tumult to the tranquil lawns of Hyde Park, again in the Roosevelt country seat, at



Wide World

Gov. Herbert H. Lehman . . . yielded to pressure

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breakfast and over cigars in the library, friend pleaded with friend. On Monday the Governor confirmed his capitulation.

Editorial Comment—The press was not surprized. Said the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.), "It was foreordained."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) considered it an "out-and-out admission by the Democratic high command that . . . Roosevelt is far from confident of his own strength."

The draft movement was ridiculed by the Buffalo *Courier-Express* (Ind.): "American political history has witnessed no stranger spectacle in history than that offered by a President of the United States . . . plucking frantically at the coat-tails of the Governor of the President's own State and imploring him to run for office, just once more, in order to save the national ticket."

By changing his mind, the Governor "has definitely lost some of the fine quality for which he has been loved and respected," the Troy (N. Y.) *Record* (Ind.) thinks.

But the New York *Daily News* (Ind.) declares that "in consenting to run for reelection, he is answering the voice of the people. . . . The voice of the people has seldom thundered so loud."

TIGHT FIST RELAXED: McCarl Steps Aside as Treasury Watch-Dog Up Against New Deal

The tough "no-man" of New Deal spending cleaned out his desk last week and departed.

But before he did so, he called in reporters for the first press conference in his fifteen-year term of office. J. Raymond McCarl, Comptroller General of the United States, had to have his final say:

"I am in hopes that the next Congress may be so constituted that there may be assured not only a systematic and thorough reorganization of the regular agencies . . . but that many, if not all, of the existing special or 'emergency' agencies, which, due to their natures, were loosely and extravagantly set up and are tax-consuming in the extreme, may be properly eliminated. . . ."

Observers wonder whether Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, Richard N. Elliott, Assistant Comptroller, or a dark horse will get the appointment as McCarl's successor.

McCarl has clashed with every Secretary of the Navy from Edwin Denby in Harding's Cabinet to Claude A. Swanson in the Cabinet of Roosevelt over his refusal to give mileage to an officer returning home to await further orders.

Fiscal Vetoes—More keenly than any other government official, however, President Roosevelt has felt this tight-lipped Scot's pruning-shears. He would not permit the President to allocate $15,000,000 of the $525,000,000 drought-relief fund to the gigantic forest shelter-belt scheme in 1934. When the President tried to use $33,000 of the 1935 relief appropriation for the erection of a factory at Reedsville, West Virginia, a Resettlement Administration project, the Comptroller said "No."

Washington first saw J. Raymond McCarl in 1914, when he arrived in the Capital as secretary to Senator George W. Norris. His flowing Windsor ties, and his quiet and scholarly manner attracted attention. So did his golf. When he appeared on the Burning Tree and Congressional Country Club courses, he played in the seventies.

In 1918, when he was made Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, he gained a reputation for dogged efficiency. When Congress created the General Accounting Office in 1921 to check on the way its appropriations were being spent, McCarl was the man President Harding picked to head the agency as Comptroller General. His term of office was fifteen years; he could be removed only by impeachment or by a resolution of Congress. He could not be reappointed.

Having held four Presidential administrations to strict accountability, McCarl wound up with characteristic thoroughness. To each of his 2,693 regular employees went a personally signed letter.

Most of them had never seen his face. Yet for some of them he had run errands. After regular hours, the telephone of the executive offices was plugged directly to McCarl's desk. Stenographers called up the person they supposed to be the night watchman asking him to secrete a forgotten umbrella, or water a vase of flowers. McCarl carried out the orders.

Press Comment—There was much editorial praise of McCarl when he left his post. "Among the welter of Washington's yes-men, he was a forthright, solitary and heartening no-man," said the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The Hartford *Courant* agreed and added: "McCarl was neither negligent, careless nor open to 'suggestion.' He made his rulings without fear or favor."

As for the Comptroller General's jab at the New Deal spending, the New York *Daily News* counseled: "The Administration can not lightly ignore . . . criticism of the wastefulness of emergency New Deal agencies; nor can it shrug aside his statements of the need of a sensible reorganization to eliminate needless duplications. . . ."

Conceding that McCarl has "done a great deal to esablish Federal accounting on a sound basis," the Baltimore *Sun* nevertheless thought he had "erred too often on the side of literalism." The Philadelphia *Record* went even further, declaring that his "repeated efforts to obstruct the New Deal indicated long since that his sympathies lay with the budget-balancing Liberty Leaguers."

Harris & Ewing

J. Raymond McCarl, retiring as Comptroller General . . . said good-by to the President and 2,693 employees

FARMING CRISIS: Wallace Rushes West to Deal With Problems Created by Drought

"He plays a left-handed game of tennis—and it's lousy."

If Henry A. Wallace, genial, smiling Secretary of Agriculture, had heard that description of his racketing he would have joined in the laugh. A newspaper man said it, and newspaper men like him.

One of the most popular members of the Cabinet, he makes all his press conferences informal. His gray eyes twinkle, then his face sobers as he turns to a discussion of his Department's problems.

Those problems multiplied a hundredfold last week as the drought tightened its dusty grip on agriculture's throat. Every one of the twenty-four agricultural States was affected.

Dismaying News—Reports reaching Wallace's desk were pieced together into a story that seemed even more ominous than that of 1934, when the Government spent $500,000,000 for drought relief. Hardest hit were pasture land, hay, oats, spring wheat and truck crops.

The South feared for its cotton, the West for its cattle as the heat maintained a steady 100 degrees or more. The States suffering most were Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana and Wyoming.

Wallace checked the reports again, took a look at the weather forecast, which showed no prospect of rain, and hurried to the White House. There he found the President and other members of the special drought committee which Mr. Roosevelt had named: Harry L. Hopkins, head of the WPA; Rexford Guy Tugwell, Under Secretary of Agriculture, and Daniel W. Bell, Director of the Budget.

They talked over the situation, and a few hours later Wallace was on his way west to serve as generalissimo of the government forces fighting the drought.

The first official to report, after a quick survey of the situation, was Administrator Hopkins. He said that hundreds of families would be added to the relief-rolls, reported that California alone had received 32,000 refugees from the nineteen "dust-bowl" States in the six months ending December 15, last. He advocated removal of needy families to better farming land.

Funds Provided—Taking the field, Secretary Wallace wired to AAA headquarters from Duluth to stand by for a program of cattle purchasing and processing. A tentative $5,000,000 was made available. But it was feared that $30,000,000 might be needed for cattle purchases alone, involving possibly 1,000,000 head.

Even this would not compare with the 1934 program, when 8,000,000 cattle were bought at a cost of about $100,000,000 and 4,700,000 were slaughtered and processed, the meat being distributed to relief agencies. In Minnesota, where the lack of feed was becoming a problem, there are 3,090,000 cattle. Other States hard hit are Montana, with 1,250,000; Wyoming, with 800,000; South Dakota, 498,000;

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North Dakota, 510,000. Texas, the largest cattle State, has 5,392,000 head.

Other measures to be put into effect if rain did not save the situation were the providing of work relief and shipments of feed. Emphasis was placed upon work relief for farmers, instead of direct relief, as in the 1934 drought. It was feared that possibly 150,000 families would need help, altho other estimates were half that. Funds were to be drawn from the AAA and Resettlement Administration, and local WPA administrators received orders last week to begin drawing on the allotments made to them from the new $1,425,000,000 appropriation.

Newspaper Comment—As the Government moved to rescue agriculture, the political note was struck by many observers.

"The drought . . . is a political break for President Roosevelt," said Harold Brayman, Washington Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.). "If you don't think so, watch the Administration hop to it on drought relief."

Some editors in the stricken areas echo that thought. Some take a whack at Secretary Wallace. For instance, the Butte *Daily Post* (Ind.-Rep.) urges him to visit Montana "to learn first-hand how nature is cooperating with the New Deal in reducing production and destroying food supplies." Such a visit "would impress upon him the folly of his policy of planned crop restriction and national scarcity."

Fear is expressed by the Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) *Argus Leader* (Ind.-Rep.) that Secretary Wallace will "employ the emergency as a means of forcing his collectivist ideas upon farmers whose natural inclination is toward individualism."

But the Mitchell (S. Dak.) *Daily Republican* (Ind.) holds that Wallace's visit "might be taken as a political move, if it were not for the fact that South Dakota is familiar with the speed which the New Dealers displayed in meeting previous droughts."

Another paper that welcomes the Secretary's visit is the Rapid City (S. Dak.) *Journal* (Ind.-Rep.). It hopes for "not only better temporary relief, but more permanent help."

EXIT MADCAP: Zioncheck Shepherded Out of Capital by House's Diplomatic Police Chief

"All aboard!"

The train began to move, gradually gained speed, passed from sight—and official Washington slumped back with a great sigh of heartfelt relief. For on that train was the bewildering, bedeviling madcap Congressman, Marion A. Zioncheck, bound for his home in distant Seattle after a series of escapades, climaxed by his escape from a sanatorium, that had kept Washington in a dither for months.

Zioncheck had "adjourned." Up went a shout of praise for the man who had solved what had come to be known as "the Zioncheck problem"—Kenneth Romney, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House and head of the Capitol Police. He did it by a combination of diplomacy and firmness, but chiefly by asserting the authority of the Capitol police to safeguard Zioncheck and thus maintain his immunity from arrest.

© Harris & Ewing

The "adjournment" of Representative Marion A. Zioncheck, engineered by Sergeant-at-Arms Kenneth Romney (left), and Capitol Police Force

Romney refused to permit the Washington police to arrest the eccentric Representative on an assault warrant sworn out by his former landlady. Once Zioncheck had reached his office in the House Office Building, after escaping from a Maryland sanatorium for mental cases by scaling a seven-foot fence and fleeing through the woods, he was safe. As long as he remained on the Capitol grounds, a government reservation of 163 acres, no authority but the Capitol Police could touch him. Had he been accused of a felony, however, the metropolitan police could have invaded his office and seized him.

As for Congressional immunity from arrest, that right falls into a twilight zone, since Senators and Representatives seldom have had the need to invoke it. The Constitution provides that members of Congress "shall in all cases, except treason, felony and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place."

Diplomatic immunity also is not sharply defined. An ambassador, however, enjoys certain definite rights. His civil immunity means that he can not be sued, or his goods seized for debt. His criminal immunity grants him freedom from the laws of the country in which he is residing, except that for a crime of violence, or for plotting against the State, he can be "restrained" and expelled from the country.

War Incident—In 1915, Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, German naval and military attachés at Washington, plotted to destroy American munitions factories and ships carrying munitions to the Allies. Their subordinates, who were not immune, were imprisoned. Boy-Ed and von Papen were recalled.

In the Zioncheck case, Sergeant-at-Arms Romney relied less upon the Congressman's right to immunity than upon the jurisdiction of the Capitol Police. They have exclusive charge of the government reservation, and Romney threatened to call out his entire force of 150, if necessary, to keep custody of the man who had repeatedly startled the country by his bizarre pranks.

Seldom do the Capitol Police have to make an arrest. They are patronage employees, earning $135 a month, and more than half of the force are young men working their way through college. Older members carry revolvers, but the "students" do not carry guns except in rare instances.

While preventing Zioncheck's arrest, Sergeant-at-Arms Romney was persuading the Representative to entrain for Seattle. He led the detail of police that escorted Zioncheck to the station. There, as his train pulled out, Zioncheck refused the photographers' request for him to wave a farewell.

"I'll be back," he said.

PIER PROHIBITION: Home-Coming Voyagers Irate at Cut in Duty-Free Wet Baggage

"This is a heck of a way to start married life!"

Perched atop three and a half cases of liquor, an irate bride was waiting picturesquely for her husband on a New York pier. While on their honeymoon they had purchased, at bargain prices, the basis for a cellar. Then the United States Government put a law into effect on June 27, forbidding tourists to enter the country with more than a single tax-free gallon apiece.

So they were caught on the pier of the *Queen of Bermuda*. Short of cash, the husband darted around the city to raise the new duty. The bride then joined 615 other passengers in vigorous protests, threats of legal action, denunciation of the Constitution and tirades against the ruthlessness of customs officers in general.

Other Days Recalled—The ensuing hubbub and confusion recalled the "bon voyage" and "welcome home" parties of prohibition days at the piers. The first victims were the 108 passengers of the *Peten* and the 800 on the *Carinthia*. Warnings of the law had been radioed from Washington the previous evening, so many of the passengers tried to

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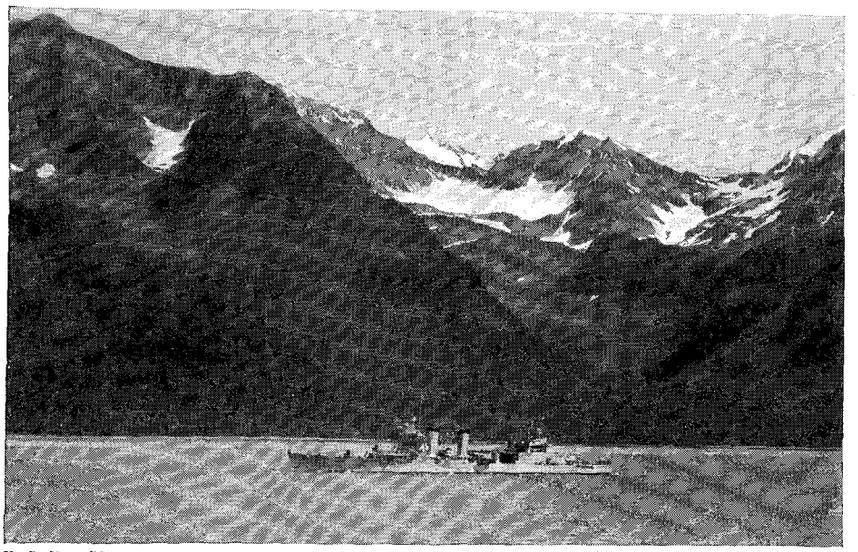

U. S. Navy Photo

Behind Alaska's rugged mountains, guarded by the Navy's cruisers, lies the key to security in the northern Pacific

drink up their supplies as others set about hiding bottles between "hankies" and underwear.

The next thousand persons to voice protests were divided among the *Colombia*, the *Queen of Bermuda*, the *Stuyvesant* and the *Santa Maria*. Travelers on the last-named pooled their liquor when they heard of the new edict and held an auction, so that every one might be able to enter with at least one gallon.

An augmented force of vigilantes with eagle eyes and alert noses met the incoming ships, the *Carinthia* being visited by a record number of seventy-eight. These men wanted—per gallon-proof—$2.50 to $5 for duty, $2 internal revenue and $1 New York State tax.

In the haggling, the outraged passengers howled about "rights of the individual," "the due process clause of the Constitution," and "the lack of integrity of a heartless Government." Bleary-eyed playboys protested alongside of white-haired dowagers.

Present for the Crew—One young woman, an employee of the Y.W.C.A., became so flustered when asked to give her name and list her supply that she donated all her liquor to the crew of the *Stuyvesant* and fled. "Most of us didn't have enough money to pay the taxes," Miss Paula Howard sighed aboard the *Colombia*, "so we decided to—er—liquidate the taxes."

"Protest you may; but pay you must!" was the adamant reply to all complaints. Later, customs officials admitted the Government might refund the duties of those caught on the high seas when the law went into effect. More than $5,000 was eventually collected when a week's shouting was over, but many hundreds of cases were left on the piers.

History—The passage of the new law ended a two-year fight to restrict free importations of liquor. State liquor dealers and associations have reported annual losses of thousands of dollars because of this, with one importing house listing the loss of 20 per cent. of its entire business. There were also suspicions that minor racketeers were making semimonthly trips to the tropics and returning with whisky, rum and *liqueurs* to sell.

Following repeal, customs authorities declared that liquor did not come under the $100 merchandise which tourists are allowed to bring in duty-free. Resentment at this ruling became so sharp that the matter was finally carried to the courts. In Miss Marion A. Schwing's case of February, 1935, the United States Customs Court ruled that the restriction of liquor under the $100 clause was invalid. Then liquor dealers sought the new law, which was passed in the final session of Congress.

The fine points of this law still have to be ironed out, with great indecision existing as to the eventual proportioning of duty, internal revenue and State tax. There is also the question of which wines and liquors will be taxed either fully or in part under the reciprocal agreements among this country, England and France.

In the meantime, shipping companies and foreign consulates are warning prospective tourists about purchasing more than one gallon abroad and hoping to enter the United States without paying the divers taxes if they do.

U. S. DEFENSE KEY: It's Placed in Alaska in Plans for Great Aviation Base

Army flyers have their sights trained on Alaska since Brig. Gen. William L. Mitchell, in "Winged Defense," wrote: "Alaska should be provided with an air force of 300 planes, 200 of them for pursuit and 100 for bombardment. These should have their headquarters in time of peace in the vicinity of Fort Gibbon, opposite the mouth of the Tanana River on the Yukon. The airways should be organized . . . from the United States to Alaska as far as Nome . . . and also down the Alaskan Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands to the Island of Attu."

Military and naval strategists, studying the globe, have learned that the earth's curvature does strange things to time and space. Twirling the globe to North America's position on the sphere, they look down upon this continent as a spread-eagle perched on the Tropic of Cancer, with Labrador as one wing and Alaska as the other.

A pin stuck into the middle of the left wing-tip, they find, transfixes Fairbanks, Alaska, at 64 degrees, 51 minutes North Latitude, only 150 miles from Fort Gibbon. There, some day, may rest the national security of the United States.

Investigating Board—This summer, three Army officers—a quartermaster, an aviator and a physician—will be stationed at Fairbanks "for the purpose of selecting a suitable site for use as an aviation base."

This "suitable site" will command the shortest sea route from the Orient to Seattle. In four hours, 200-mile-an-hour bombers will be able to cover enemy ships attacking from overseas on the route from Yokohama to Seattle (4,257 miles).

Thus, the Fairbanks base, almost in the center of Alaska, guarded by fogs, wind and grim mountains, may become the key to supremacy in the North Pacific. Along with Hawaii, Los Angeles and Seattle, it will loose war-planes to form the first outpost of national defense in the West.

To be effective, this spear-head of defense, which may grow to 1,000 planes, must have behind it near Fairbanks completely equipped machine-shops, fuel tanks, hangars and munition dumps. They must be bomb-proofed against air attack from enemy planes, camouflaged in the summer greensward or the winter's frozen tundra. It will need emergency air bases and observation posts from Juneau to Point Barrow.

While Army officers organize activities on the Alaskan mainland, the Navy looks toward the Islands indicated by General Mitchell.

The seamen are surveying a grim, storm-torn archipelago jutting out from the mainland for 1,000 miles, a keen scimitar pointed at the heart of Asia.

Naval Preparation—Already Dutch Harbor, Unalaska Island, has a naval base serving as headquarters for aerial mapping and harbor-sounding expeditions among the 150 islands lying only 300 miles north of the California-Japan Great Circle course. Once detected, enemy aircraft carriers and warships would be at the mercy of naval torpedo planes heading straight for their target, flying blindly through ever-present fog.

America's high-seas naval air-force, well adapted to rigorous Aleutian weather, includes 100 multimotored giant flying-boats with a cruising range of 2,000 miles.

By occupying the Aleutians and the mainland, the Army and the Navy will be able to prevent an enemy from seizing them as a convenient base for attack on the American mainland. It's only 1,500 miles—seven hours by air—from Dutch Harbor to Puget Sound. But the 3,510 miles from Dutch Harbor to Tokyo insure Japan against the base threatening her security.

ADVERTISERS' CHIEF: E. H. McReynolds Heads Federation as His Latest Adventure

E. H. McReynolds, of St. Louis, in his time has been editor, author, actor, soldier, aviator, orator and advertising genius. Last week he added the title of President of the Advertising Federation of America at that body's convention in Boston.

Something of a forecaster (he was the

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first man to bet on "Gene" Tunney's becoming heavy-weight boxing champion), McReynolds did a little predicting on his own account in 1923. L. W. Baldwin had just taken over the Missouri Pacific Railroad. McReynolds eased his 200 pounds into the new President's office, sold Baldwin on the idea that he could sell the "MOP" to the public. To-day he is Vice-President in charge of public relations and advertising—one of the country's big executives.

Adventure and enterprise run through the career of this man who began as a country publisher's son. Born in Butler, Missouri, in 1888, he learned his father's trade, then deserted it for the footlights, touring the wide spaces with a small repertory company.

But pay was small, and chances of becoming a matinee idol even smaller, so he returned to the newspaper game, working in Jefferson City, Columbia, St. Joseph and Joplin. In the last-named Missouri metropolis he found plenty of activity that answered his yen for adventure. There riches were being wrested from the earth in the form of zinc, and the town was as wide open as a gold-rush camp.

Fighter With Marines—The War was destined to interrupt his journalistic career. The Marines poured him into one of their largest uniforms and shipped him overseas. After the Armistice he became a member of the publicity staff of the Inter-Allied Games; it was then that he picked Tunney as a champion.

Back in America and out of uniform, McReynolds returned to his job at Joplin, then turned to political writing for the Associated Press. But a new field beckoned. The Harding landslide had come. Farm prices were sliding from post-War levels. Farmers were organizing, and McReynolds was picked by the Missouri Farm Bureau Federation as its secretary, publicity expert, weekly newspaper editor and organizer.

His work was effective and his name became known, so that he had little trouble in gaining his start with the Missouri Pacific, where he still nursed his desire for adventure by flying, running his pilot-time up to nearly 1,000 hours and inducing the road to become the first to own and operate its own air-plane for research and publicity work.

Committee Choice—Twice a Past President of the St. Louis Advertising Club, McReynolds was something of a "dark horse" last week, altho he was formally chosen by the Nominating Committee to succeed Chester M. Lang of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York, who automatically became Chairman of the Board, succeeding Edgar Kobak of Lord & Thomas, New York City.

Other officers elected were: Edith Ellsworth of Roche, Williams & Cunnyngham, Chicago agency; M. B. Le Quatte of Churchill-Hall, Inc., New York; Norman S. Rose, Advertising Manager, *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston; Walter W. R. May, Manager, Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon; George M. Slocum, Publisher, *Automotive Daily News*, Detroit, as Vice-Presidents; Frank A. Black, Director, William Filene's Sons' Company, Boston, reelected Treasurer, and Louis C. Grace, of Grace & Bement, Inc., Detroit, Secretary. Earle Pearson, New York, continues as General Manager.

Topics in Brief

ADD similes: As ignored as the *Queen Mary* on her second trip.—*New York Sun.*

YOU are born in a hospital; you marry in a church, and die in a car. What do you want a home for?—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

JAPAN is Oriental, but not too Oriental in the case of China not to know the Occidental axiom—divide and conquer.—*Wichita Eagle.*

THE fellow who doesn't believe in hell has never had his shoulders and back peel off as a result of being sunburned.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

ONE wife says her love ended at the wash-tub and ironing-board. Some loves end at bridge and breakfast-tables.—*Florida Times-Union.*

IT will be easy to tell when national decay has set in: Some one will bring out an electric ice-box with no improvement.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A CALIFORNIA woman has left her husband six times, but always returned within a week. Enough to discourage any man.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

"DEMOCRATS Ask Swing to Left." All right, but they'd better swing together if they don't want to swing separately.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

A THIRD party has organized and will campaign for Lemke over the radio. You tear the top off an old mortgage and mail it in for a cash award.—*Barron's.*

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know the name of the patron saint of fishermen. Some say Izaak Walton and others Ananias.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

"AN exclusive vegetable diet will make you beautiful," asserts a woman columnist. Lady, did you ever take a good look at a hippopotamus?—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THERE'S A BROKEN HEART FOR EVERY LIGHT ON BROADWAY!

—Talburt in the Washington Daily News

IT begins to look as if there would be about as many third parties as usual this year.—*Indianapolis News.*

A STAIRWAY was stolen from a Missouri apartment-house. You certainly find crime in high places.—*Nashville Banner.*

SOUNDS ominous, that France sends 30,000 soldiers to her German frontier just before Premier Blum announces his foreign policy.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

THEY say there will be no fan-dancers at New York's world's fair. When it comes to fan-dancing, we are from Missouri.—*Omaha Morning World-Herald.*

A PROPOSAL has been made to add fifteen more letters to the alphabet. But the Supreme Court is causing a fast turnover.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

AFTER they get through revising the League of Nations, its nice buildings will come in handy for the Lake Geneva Yacht Club.—*Savannah Morning News.*

A MISSOURI editor has just discovered what many have known for a long time, that it is necessary to go to church early to get a back seat.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

SUNFLOWER seeds are to be distributed by the Landon campaign management, but those familiar with the needs of parrots suggest that they be saved for the orators.—*Detroit News.*

A SLOW-MOTION camera shows that it takes one-fortieth of a second to wink the eye. And in some instances it takes four hours to explain to the Mrs. why you did it.—*Atlanta Journal.*

PERSONALLY we don't know why, but statesmanship has never been the same in this country since Democrats stopped eating corn-meal mush for breakfast.—*Dallas Morning News.*

AMONG other tongue-twisters to test a motor-car driver's sobriety, there's Harry Lauder's test: "If ye can say 'tis a braw bricht, moonlicht nicht, ye're all richt, ye ken."—*Topeka Daily Capital.*

THE story about the Georgia campaign committee that returned unexpended political contributions brings up the question as to how you could put one of those $100-a-plate dinners into reverse.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

CHICAGO cops arrested a man for riding a bicycle while intoxicated, then discovered that even if guilty he had committed no crime. However, the authorities may get him for income tax evasion.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AFTER we listen to some of them long enough we sometimes believe we understand how Marlene Dietrich feels. Marlene, in case you have been neglecting your reading, says she dislikes American men.—*Topeka Daily State Journal.*

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HUMILIATED LEAGUE FORGETS ETHIOPIA

Haile Selassie Pleads in Vain for Aid; End of Sanctions Is Voted

Embarrassed statesmen slipped out of Geneva last Saturday night, happy in the knowledge that they had successfully attended to the most important matter on the agenda; wiping the Ethiopian mess off the books in time to get home for Sunday, forget a nightmarish, humiliating week. Only sad-eyed little Haile Selassie, ousted Emperor of Africa's last free land, counted the week's proceedings a 100 per cent. loss.

Left behind, tho requested by the Government not to embarrass Switzerland by remaining long, the Conquering Lion of Judah felt, in the words of his League delegate, Ras Nassibu, "a victim abandoned to the aggressor, with an apology, not to the victim, but to his tormentor."

A few days earlier, relying on previous pledges of the Powers, he had asked the Assembly to vote on two things: 1. The Assembly will not recognize any annexation made by the force of arms. 2. A $50,000,000 loan to Ethiopia to continue the war. These simple requests were met with a chorus of boos from Italian journalists who were subsequently ejected, praised by Rome; were met by the Assembly with two polite "Noes." Unfinished business: recognition of the Italian conquest, all mention of which was avoided.

Sanctions Ended—Also left behind to perform final humiliating rites, was August de Vasconcellos of Portugal. A week before, as head of the Coordination Committee, he had obeyed last-minute instructions by formally revoking the sanctions launched against Italy by fifty nations nine months before, and setting July 10 as the date for ending them simultaneously.

Two minor riots, a shooting, and two stinging denunciations of League conduct had, during the week, disturbed the dignity of sessions already acutely compromised by the cringing climb-down which was the session's principal business.

At Saturday's brief Council meeting, Dr. Arthur Karl Greiser, Nazi President of Danzig's Senate—the same Greiser who had comported himself with abject humility in January, before the League's prestige was spent—bluntly, and "in the name not only of Danzig but of the entire German people," called on the Council to get its High Commissioner, Sean Lester, out of the Free City, and keep him out.

Turning sharply after giving Anthony Eden the Nazi salute, Greiser made a gesture toward the press and public in the gallery. Boos echoed in the room. Men leaped from their seats. The bewildered look on Eden's face plainly asked the meaning of the uproar. Blinking, stooped, wax-mustached Robert Dell, President of the Geneva correspondents' organization and ace news writer of *The Manchester Guardian*, angled his six feet erect.

"The gentleman, in going out, made this gesture to the press and public," he explained; and, spreading his right hand, he put the tip of his thumb to his nose.

Milder Eden—Once Eden would have thundered; last week he murmured: ". . . better for our own dignity to ignore it and return to our seats."

Ignoring unpleasant facts while maintaining its dignity had kept the League busy. Haile Selassie, frail figure in white colonial suit and black cape, demanding justice and the fulfilment of promises, and continuing with the bitterest indictment the League statesmen had ever heard, started the week badly for them.

The delegates failed utterly to keep their dignity when, at a midweek session, a Czech photographer, Stephan Lux, stood up, crying:

"This is the last blow. This is the death of the League"; and shot himself fatally.

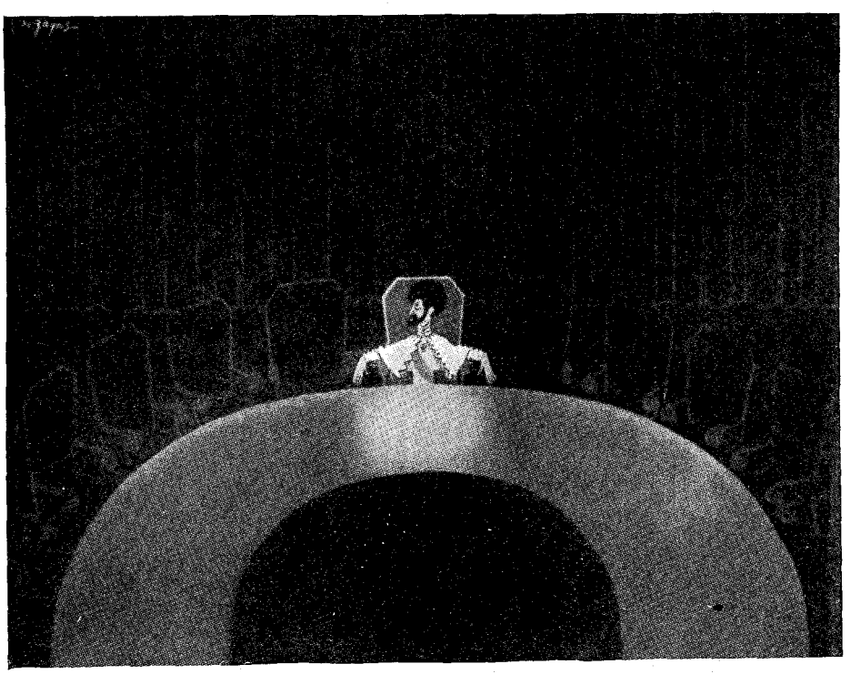
It had been slightly easier when Galileo Solis, of Panama, denounced their proceedings as "pusillanimous," and as the "capitulation of fifty nations to one aggressor."

Eyes on Danzig—Saturday, a second time burying the Ethiopian plea for a $50,000,000 loan with which to continue defense, the Council adjourned, but did not "close" its session. Fearing a Nazi coup at Danzig, it left second-string delegates of Great Britain, France and Portugal on sentry duty to sound the alarm if Nazi columns began to march.

The date for the regular annual Assembly, which promises to be stormy, was set for Tuesday, September 1.

First delegate to talk on reaching home was Paul Faure, cadaverous French Socialist Minister of State.

"Italy conquered Ethiopians by their feet," he explained . . . "rained poison gas on the soil . . . Ethiopians walked on it. Their feet swelled, and they died. . . . All countries are arming, some so fast they can't use all their arms, and sell them to the whole world, including potential enemies. . . . No nation can defend itself now."



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: 1945

—George de Zayas in "Today"

AGITATED DANZIG: Nazis Assail League Supervision, Seek Annexation to Reich

Citizens of the Free City of Danzig awoke one morning last week to read the sharp, bitter demand of their young Nazi leader, Albert Forster, that the League of Nations cease its supervision over the City-State.

"The League and its High Commissioner in Danzig," said the manifesto, "have nothing more to do with settling the differences in Danzig and Poland, and their existence has, on the whole, become superfluous."

As if to back up Forster's threat, the German cruiser *Leipzig* dropped anchor in port, flying the Nazi flag. Promptly its officers landed to make their customary official calls on the city's authorities, but failed to pay the usual respects to Sean Lester, the League High Commissioner.

For three years Lester has worked hard to compose the enmity between the Poles and Germans, who make up Danzig's 407,517 population. With Hitler's rise to power, the German majority, constituting 96 per cent. of the citizens, grew active, formed militant Nazi organizations and clamored for annexation to the Reich.

Created as a free City by the Treaty of Versailles in 1920, Danzig formed Poland's only sea-outlet until Gdynia was built. To prevent the German majority from seriously embarrassing Poland, the League of Nations received supervision over it through a High Commissioner, who decided all points of dispute between Poland and Danzig. By the terms of the Treaty Poland has a free use of the Port, controls the railways and administers its foreign affairs. Danzig is governed by a Popular Assembly, which elects the Senate.

Wide-Spread City—Largest city in the world, Danzig's area covers 754 square miles, or about thirty-four times the extent of Manhattan Island. For years, after it

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gained its free status, it throve as a busy seaport, through which most of Poland's exports and imports passed. Ten years ago Poles began to develop Gdynia, on the coast of the Polish Corridor, about thirteen miles distant, starting an economic rivalry which Danzig Nazis bitterly resent.

Press Comment—Danzig papers, commenting on the anti-League movement, started with a two-page comment by a leading Socialist newspaper; it was promptly suppressed under censorship and the paper appeared with two blank pages.

The only reference was made in a speech by President Arthur Greiser:

"A discussion of the personal activities of the League Commissioner has aroused attention abroad. In view of this the Danzig Administration is determined to keep its powder dry."

Says the Berlin *Diplomatisch-Politische Korrespondenz:* "A public body made up of a century-old civilization such as Danzig needs neither governor nor governess. Hence, expectation must be voiced that the League abandon its unsuitable methods."

Warsaw's *Gazeta Polska* comments: "The fact that the commander of the German cruiser failed to visit the League Commissioner can be interpreted two ways. Firstly, it may have been due to the fact that at last year's reception, the League Commissioner invited representatives of the Opposition. In this case, the demonstration would be considered purely personal. Secondly, it is possible, however, that the demonstration was aimed at the League. This is bound to have consequences. At any rate, it is necessary for the German Government to explain why it instructed the commander not to visit the Commissioner."

GAY FEMINISM: French Women, With Polite Militancy, Fight for Ballot

With high, dainty steps, twenty thoroughbreds maneuvered for the start of the Grand Prix race—height of the Paris social season—at the Longchamps course last week. As they nervously awaited the signal, a dozen women darted out onto the track, unfolding banners which blazed "French Women Must Vote."

Blue-caped police ran after them. The shrieking suffragettes, led by a gay gamin in *culottes,* dashed down the home-stretch, slipping on the soft turf as their grinning pursuers closed in. From the flower-bordered stands the crowd cheered the impromptu race.

One militant took a few good-natured feminine swings at her captor. "We didn't want to spoil the race," the women explained at the Commissariat. "We just wanted a good audience—the *élite.*"

The demonstration contrasted dramatically with one staged in England before the War. On Derby Day, 1913, a slim, awkward, green-eyed woman leaped down among the flying horses before the crowded royal box, flung herself at the reins of King George's Anmer and was trampled under pounding hoofs.

Two days later she died. Emily Wilding Davison had believed that the persecuted movement could not win the ballot until it had gained a martyr.

Wide World

Mme. Louise Weiss, French suffragette leader: "I do not intend that the first political act of French women shall be to step into barrooms"

French suffragettes have known none of the brickbats and police assaults, the long imprisonments and hunger strikes that marked the struggles of their British and American sisters. They are fighting a merry Gallic battle for their rights.

Their leader is Mme. Louise Weiss, a sapphire-eyed blonde who relinquished the Editorship of the important weekly *Europe Nouvelle* to unite old-style suffrage groups in her New Woman movement. At election time she set up booths near the polls, and conducted an unofficial ballot for women. When officers seized the booths and tried to arrest the voters they fought back.

"We struck them on their noses with our powder puffs," Mme. Weiss told a London interviewer. "It was so fun-nay. They—how do you say—detained me!"

Released through the influence of powerful admirers—she is a long-time friend of Edouard Herriot and a protégé of the late Aristide Briand—Mme. Weiss clamored for the return of her voting tables. "You were obstructing the sidewalks," police argued. "We will give them back if you will put them in the entrances of cafés."

Swift Retort—"I do not intend that the first political act of French women shall be to step into barrooms," Mme. Weiss shot back. As a compromise, she set them up in apartment-house entrances.

Her energetic propaganda disgusted the duchesses and society leaders who for years had lent their august inactive patronage to the cause. But it entranced the masses. *Midinettes,* manicurists, housemaids, and maidless housewives joined the movement and began talk of "When we get the vote." It spread to professional women, whose previous indifference may be explained by their intense personal activities. In spite of their legal handicaps, hundreds of French women had succeeded as physicians, surgeons, lawyers, pilots, directors of great style houses.

Under Mme. Weiss's leadership, the converts sent forget-me-nots to Deputies who frequently have passed a bill granting enfranchisement. But the Senators invariably defeat the measure because "If women vote, they will not mend our socks; they will not make our soup."

Last month Mme. Weiss deluged them from the balconies with hundreds of socks labeled: "Even if you give us the right to vote, your socks will be darned." "Soon," she says, "we will give them the soup."

Religious Factor—Few Frenchmen expect that feminine pressure will change the viewpoint of radical senators. Altho they are the theoretical advocates of women's rights, Leftists fear that French women might take orders from Roman Catholic Bishops and *curés* who are strongly conservative.

Along the same line of reasoning, the Rightists, normally opposed to change of a political or social nature, favor the women's vote.

In the present Chamber, as a further amusing anomaly, three black-gowned women huddle on a government bench in the second row, and for the first time Deputies grin or frown as a speaker begins with "Mesdames et Messieurs." Altho they can not vote, Mme. Irene Joliot-Curie, Mme. Leon Brunschwig and Mme. Suzanne Lacore enjoy full rank in Premier Leon Blum's Socialist Cabinet.

In conservative France the ballot is only one of the rights denied women. "Children and certified lunatics," says the London *News Chronicle,* "have more legal rights in British law than a sane French married woman in French law." If one of M. Blum's female Under Secretaries wishes to sign a personal check, she must obtain her husband's consent.

NO BAKSHISH: Moorish Snake-Charmer in Spain Wants Union, Calls Helpers "Scabs"

Hajji Sahean Hady Abdallah Craui, bronzed Moorish snake-charmer, wept silently into his snowy beard under the shadow of Spain's Alhambra last week at the discovery that his age-old art and the equally ancient institution of *bakshish*

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could not be defended by the strike, favored weapon of modern Spain.

Worse, he had heard scornful Spaniards speak of *bakshish* as alms; they knew as well as he that it would be humiliating, not to say impossible, for a Moor to accept alms—that these matters were "presents between princes." But could "princes" strike?

For six heart-breaking hours Hady had struck against Spanish snake-charming fans in the best trade-union sit-down manner. But his one-man, folded-legs protest had failed to impress the ruling powers.

Crestfallen, he sunned his wrinkled sixty-eight-year-old body in Granada's Alameda Park, pondering on the dilemma of reconciling the *bakshish* tradition with the hide-bound union laws which fixed his wages at fifteen *pesetas* ($2) a day.

Ancient Snake Act—A few hours before he had held pleasure-bent spectators spell-bound before his booth at the Moroccan-Granada Industries Fair. With bated breath they had watched him entice from his seedy knapsack a golden brown Egyptian cobra, which smoothly wriggled its mass of coils about a bronze bowl and raised its dizzy head above the rippling column of its neck.

Awe-struck mantilla-clad *señoritas* and red-sashed *hidalgos* craned their necks as the reptile's head swayed back and forth, as it hissed angrily and shot its squirming length into the knapsack he held open. Quick as a flash, Hady's hand fished a dark brown, black-striped sand-snake out of his ample pocket, garlanded his puckered neck with its five-foot body and crackled orders to his chief assistant.

Feigning terror, his man faced a horror-gaping crowd when his master deftly slipped the writhing snake under his flowing burnoose. With ludicrous gestures, the wrestler fought off its strangling coils, sprawling and lustily kicking the air, to the merriment of onlookers.

Hady picked up his hat and passed it around, while egging his man to keep up his side-splitting antics. As prompt to stop Hady's *bakshish*-collecting were two brawny Fair guards. Angrily they reminded him of his contract and insisted that he content himself with his regular wage, like his two assistants.

Enraged, he defended the *bakshish* custom and proudly declared that he had only recently toured Turkey, Hungary, Italy and France, and always made his round of collection. But the guards were unconvinced and Hady strolled off in a huff, seeking the quiet of Alameda Park.

Strike-Breakers' Performance—Six hours later he returned to inspect his booth. His eyes danced with anger when he saw his two menials performing their master's tricks, unmindful of the trade-union spirit sweeping Spain. Hady made it plain to them that familiar converse had become a thing of the past; to curtail all but strictly business dealings with the "scabs," he left the boarding-house where all three lodged.

More than ever before, Hady is now determined to unionize Spain's snake-charmers and end "scabbing." At first he wanted to go on a long strike and crusade for a snake-charmers' union. Just then, however, he received an unexpected visit from the white-turbaned, red-uniformed bodyguard of a Moroccan Calif, who is sight-seeing at the Fair. They beseeched him in the name of Allah and the Prophet not to deny their snake-charming fan-master the fun he longs for.

Loath to turn down a good and high Moslem, Hady obeyed the summons and suspended his organizing campaign until the closing of the Fair.

CHINESE STOP AND GO: War-Lords and Japanese Using Map as Checker-Board

The advance northward of a coalition of South China war-lords turned into an abrupt retreat last week. Northern Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, threatened with civil war unless he moved against Japan, stemmed off the attack with a simultaneous shower of bombs and promises of a $100,000,000 share for southern generals in the $375,000,000 China plans to spend on arms and training during the year.

Meanwhile, sullen coolies in the north watched the big gray Japanese cruiser *Kuma* drop anchor in the Yangtze before Nanking. They saw a dapper little man patter down the companion-ladder and hop into a shoreward-bound launch. Newly named "His Excellency," Shigeru Kawagoe, former Consul General at Tientsin, Hopei Province, was moving to Nanking as his Imperial Majesty's Ambassador to China.

Politely called autonomous, the puppet Government of Hopei cut tariffs heavily, bringing the duties on many articles to one-fourth the normal figure, and admitted through the breach a roaring flood of merchandise. The Nanking Government thereby lost between one-third and one-half of its customs revenues.

Clashing Attitudes—This commerce, called smuggling by Nanking and legitimate trade by Tokyo, threatens ruin not only to the Nationalist Government of China, but also to hundreds of Japanese, Chinese and British merchants whose go-downs (warehouses) are packed with goods which have paid the higher duties.

Chinese Coast Guard cutters must not patrol within the three-mile limit off the Hopei coast. Customs officers on land must not be reenforced, says Japan, because they bear arms. To appeals that Japan herself aid in collecting the normal duties, Kawagoe, before he ascended to the Ambassadorship, smilingly shook his head. That, he said, "would be interference with the administrative functions of the Chinese authorities."

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Shigeru Kawagoe, Japan's Ambassador to China . . . took a trip to Nanking

Other measures denied, China's Finance Ministry has forbidden all banks to extend financial facilities to smugglers, vainly threatening a five-year prison term as penalty for disobedience.

From South China as well come wails that an out-and-out $30,000,000 smuggling syndicate formed in Formosa is costing the Canton Government $600,000,000 by running goods by force through Swatow, with hired mobs to rout customs men with brickbats.

On her customs revenues China and her creditors count for payment of China's foreign debt.

PATIENT FASCIST: French Leader Awaiting Chance for a Coup Like Hitler's

No more ardent defender of the Tricolor exists than Col. Francois de la Rocque, leader of the banned Fascist *Croix de Feu*.

The bedroom where the war hero receives friendly interviewers contains a work-table, chair, telephone, crucifix and a soldier's iron bed. On the radiator stands the room's only attempt at decoration, a bouquet consisting of three flowers—blue, white and red.

For the headquarters he opened last week he chose a blue carpet and red walls. Day after day men waited in line there to join the new Social Party—the sharp-featured Colonel's answer to Premier Leon Blum's dissolution decree.

Three times de la Rocque had his golden opportunity to seize power *à la* Napoleon or Mussolini. On "Bloody February 6" his cohorts could easily have stormed the Chamber while the mob across the Pont de la Concorde was fleeing the *Garde Mobile's* bullets. But he held his men back; "France wasn't ready," he explained simply. Perhaps he meant to say that he preferred to use ballots, try for an electoral coup like Adolf Hitler's.

Rival Copied—Such a course is clearly indicated by his present strategy, which is to build up a strictly legal organization, patterned ironically enough on the Socialist Premier's, in the place of his one-time semi-military band.

"We now want conquest and power for the salvation of France," the Colonel proclaimed. "If they want to break our Party, the question will be settled by illegality."

The Chamber debate on the dissolution decree centered on the Tricolor, which conservatives have seized as their own, and Moscow's red banner, symbol of the Popular Front Government. "Policemen have obliged a woman to strike a Tricolor on her automobile," a Right-Wing Deputy charged. "Another policeman saluted with raised fist a car flying the red flag."

Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior, felt obliged to remind a people torn from Left to Right by a class struggle that the Tricolor belongs to the nation.

He contended that the dissolved Francists—blue-shirted imitators of Hitler—had

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plotted to assassinate Blum. Wrangling and curses embittered the debate. "You are safeguarding neither property nor individual liberty," flamed Xavier Vallat, de la Rocque's spokesman. "I am not complaining, but yet I warn you in the name of innumerable Frenchmen that, when you have torn the Declaration of the Rights of Man to tatters which the winds of revolution will scatter, you will have made rebellion the most sacred of duties." Other speakers called Blum a despot.

Twice Edouard Herriot, President of the Chamber, slammed on his large black hat to declare the uproarious session suspended. In the end Deputies upheld the dissolution, by a vote of 375 to 192.

English Opinion—*The Manchester Guardian* disputed the charges of despotism. "So long as the government measures merely prevent the various leagues from acting as military bodies and do not interfere with the right of free association," said the Liberal English daily, "it can not be claimed that an attempt is being made to establish a dictatorship of the Left."

Meanwhile industrial disturbances died down, to the evident relief of all factions. Of the 1,000,000 workers who participated in "folded-arms" strikes last month, raising the specter of a force no longer under the control of the men who had launched it, all but 100,000 had returned to their jobs.

LITERARY DIGEST Map

All roads lead to Mexico, with the opening of the new highway between Laredo, Texas, and the Aztec Capital

RIBBON TO MEXICO: Opening of 786 Miles of New Highway From Texas

"May caravans of friendship and peace ever pass in every direction over these great highways."

A smile dimpling his ruddy face, John Nance Garner, Vice President of the United States, last week stretched an arm of friendship across the international Rio Grande bridge at Laredo, in his native Texas, to where Señor Eduardo Hay, Mexico's genial Foreign Minister, stood on the Mexican side of the border.

They came to inaugurate the newly completed Pan-American Highway, connecting Laredo with Mexico City.

Speaking for President Lazaro Cárdenas, Señor Hay assured his North American neighbor that the automobile highway was built, "not for commercial purposes, but strictly for good-will and amity between the two nations."

Four hundred years ago, almost to a day, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, Spanish explorer, made history when he reached Mexico City after a weary trek across dense jungles, the first white man to cross the Rio Grande from Florida. For centuries, travel by land to the Aztec Capital was a hazardous undertaking, until the railroads linked it with Laredo during the reign of President Diaz, toward the end of the last century.

A Highway Stretches—For nine years, Mexican engineers and workmen have been laboring on the 786-mile stretch, blasting the sprawling mountainsides and paving the road along bluff valleys and ravines. Costing $17,000,000, the new highway links up automobile routes as far north as Canada, and is expected to be built through Central America down to Argentina in the south, completing a 12,000-mile route.

Snaking through Mexico's eastern Provinces, the new road's first sixty miles are almost a level, straight bed of concrete. About forty-five miles farther, the motorists' path slants upward over the Mamulique mountain-pass and ascends to about 1,500 feet above sea-level.

The first large Mexican city to greet the tourist's eyes is picturesque Monterrey, busy steel center combining the country's new and old civilizations. Thence the road sweeps southward, through scenic mountain grandeur leading down to Montemorelos, famous for its orange-groves. At Ciudad Victoria, some 180 miles from Laredo, the scenery gives way to more luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation, for, twelve miles south, the Tropic of Cancer lies.

Mountain Jungle—For the next eighty miles, sugar cane abounds, while wild turkey, mountain-lion, deer, wild boars, and wild-cats romp about the rank thickets. Thence the road descends until, at Valles, a railroad town, it sinks to sea-level. Resuming its interrupted ascent, the route winds upward for the next 211 miles to a height of 600 feet at Tamazunchale, pleasant night haven for motorists. The next 230 miles form a fast climb from sea-level to the 5,500-foot-high plateau at El Pinalito, and down again 4,400 feet to Jacala, then up 8,600 feet near Tizayuca, ending at Mexico City, 7,000 feet above the sea's surface.

Last month, Señor Hay's office announced the formation of a line of auto-buses, with sleepers, to run in three daily sections between Mexico City and Laredo.

While his Foreign Secretary reciprocated the "good neighbor" policy of President Roosevelt's spokesman, President Cárdenas was making an extended horseback tour of Mexico's central Provinces. Mildly radical, Cárdenas faces trouble, mainly from organized labor, which insists that he move faster in bringing about social and economic reforms.

Among the landless, downtrodden peasants and *peons*, he is known as the "agrarian messiah," pledged to bring them "*tierra y libertad*" (land and liberty). To reward them during his two-year rule, he has already distributed about five million acres of land among 300,000 needy farm-laborers, realizing that they are his bulwark against attacks from Communists.

Red Flags for Peons—Chief among those opposed to his slow, evolutionary socialism are members of the Confederation of Mexican Workers, headed by Vincente Lombardo Toledano. Insisting upon shorter working hours, higher wages and confiscation of capital, Toledano sends his emissaries throughout the Provinces, preaching revolution and rousing the peasants.

To combat Toledano's dangerous tactics, Emilio Portes Gil, head of Cárdenas's National Revolutionary Party, busily organizes peasants who have received government lands under the Confederation of Mexican Peasants, which he controls.

Hedged between the opposition of a strong, wealthy Right and clamoring Soviet-minded radicals, Cárdenas pins his hope of peaceful, slow socialistic reforms on the peasants by promising them abundant "land and liberty."

"EDITOR-IN-CHIEF": Nazi Propaganda Minister Tests German Journalists for Loyalty

Germany's Frank Kents, Heywood Brouns, Mark Sullivans—and 15,000 lesser writers and editors—are on edge this week, as Nazi Propaganda Minister Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels combs their latest examination papers for evidence of "political irresponsibility."

In this latest of many quizzes, they have

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answered 219 searching questions on as many details of their personal lives, on the professional, social and political activities of themselves and their wives, both since the creation of the Nazi State in 1933 and before, and on the race, religious affiliation and political leanings of their ancestors and their wives' ancestors through the years since 1800.

Nazi officials expect that many hundreds will be flunked in the extension of the Nazi dictator's Aryan policy.

Discovery among the 219 answers that a journalist was so indiscreet as to choose the wrong ancestor-in-law, or that an ancestral joiner committed the error of enrolling in an unacceptable Elk, Rotary or Kiwanis club, may mean failure; and failure means the loss of the Nazi license without which no German may write, edit, or publish a line within the Reich.

As far as loyalty to *Der Fuehrer* is concerned, recent conversion will not be deemed evidence of sufficient enthusiasm. Those journalists who were not For Hitler Before the Band-wagon Started Rolling in 1933 will find their hesitant lukewarmness counting as heavily against them as confessions that they or any of theirs were Freemasons or members of other numerous (and now suppressed) fraternal and other organizations.

Meanwhile, pending return of their "examination papers," Germany's 15,000 reporters and editors are more than usually meticulous in complying with the Propaganda Ministry's daily instructions to "print this in full on page one," to "omit all mention of that," and to comment "enthusiastically" upon the other—instructions sometimes received after a day's edition has gone to press.

ALGERIAN FLARE-UP: Arabs and Jews Riot in French African Colony; Gendarmes Fume

At Bou Saada, a small Algerian trading center about 170 miles south of Constantine, burnoose-bundled Arabs last week defied 350 Senegalese troops, and asserted the desert law of a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye.

Braving gunfire, they howled curses at police officials and French magistrates who had come from Algiers, the seaport Capital, to try Ben Maklouf, a youthful Jewish farm manager accused of murdering an Arab farm-hand.

Terror-stricken, Maklouf told his accusers that he slew in self-defense.

Deaf to his pleas, Arabs broke through police lines, and slashed the Jew's throat before the helpless magistrate's terrified eyes.

Like wild-fire the news spread through the desert, galvanized Algeria's 6,000,000 Moslems into renewed agitation against infidel oppression.

Moslem leaders saw their chance and retailed with fulsome details the haphazard slaughter of Palestine Arabs, in revolt against Britain for what they termed a holy Moslem cause.

Alarmed, Jules Carde, France's Governor General at Algiers, dispatched Mobile Guards to trouble centers in Oran, Algiers and Constantine, where thousands of Jewish tradesmen ply their brisk trades. Last year it took all the police reserves he could spare to stop looting of Jewish stores in Algiers by hungry Arabs, who dared even to attack the police station.

To restore quiet he was forced to summon loyal French troops from desert stations in the interior.

Arabs, for months grumbling against bad times and rising unemployment, made capital of the murder of their Bou Saada brother.

They stormed the Jewish quarter of Constantine, where Jews were accused of abusing their Arab teacher.

Roused to white heat, Arabs attacked Jews and Jews hurled stones at their assailants, until *gendarmes* put an end to the mêlée which resulted in injury to more than fifteen persons.

Stones and Brickbats—At Oran, ancient Spanish citadel town, Arabs staged anti-Jewish demonstrations, fired at police and stoned street-cars, while at the same time more than 400 striking natives pelted a freight-train near the Ouenza mines.

Feeling ran high also among Arabs of Oran and Constantine, who joined in the party battles, taking sides with French Rightists, said to be members of the *Croix de Feu*, and Leftists living in their midst. Under the cloak of political differences Arabs denounced French rule, stoned *gendarmes* and forced Algiers's police chief to make a hasty air-plane trip with orders to reenforce the local forces and institute semi-martial law.

Military Activity—Troops were stationed at all streets leading to Oran's Jewish quarter and military guards surrounded the City Hall as the police prefect took personal charge of the forces to halt disorders.

Two weeks ago Algerians heard of France's offer to give up its mandate over Syria and sign a treaty of friendship with her. Their Nationalists, encouraged by their fellow Arabs' victory, renewed their demand that France accord them independence.

Enjoying a semicolonial status, Algeria sends Deputies and Senators to the French Parliament; thus, it is virtually autonomous, except that the French Chamber has a right to legislate for it.

LITERARY DIGEST Photo

In the shadow of his "Fuehrer's" portrait, Nazi Propaganda Minister Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels corrects examination-papers submitted by 15,000 journalists

PINK RUSSIANS, TOO: Red Nation Has Its Tories and Newly-Embattled Women

Promulgation of the new Soviet Constitution reveals that Red Russia has her Tories like the rest of the world.

From all over the Soviet Union, old-line Communists, the veterans of the 1917 revolution, are calling on the Kremlin to go slow with the changes forecast in the new fundamental law.

Too many rights, granted to too many people, too much liberalism toward priests, peasants and traders, they fear, may endanger the rights the others already enjoy.

Protesting Women—Even women, in numbers, object to proposed constitutional innovations, protesting that the enumeration of their rights, including the right of suffrage, is inadvisable. Under the present régime, they contend, they are all-inclusively "free." In the listing of specific rights they fear that some, already theirs, may be lost. They would prefer to let well enough alone. Parts of human nature, even in Russia, have not changed.

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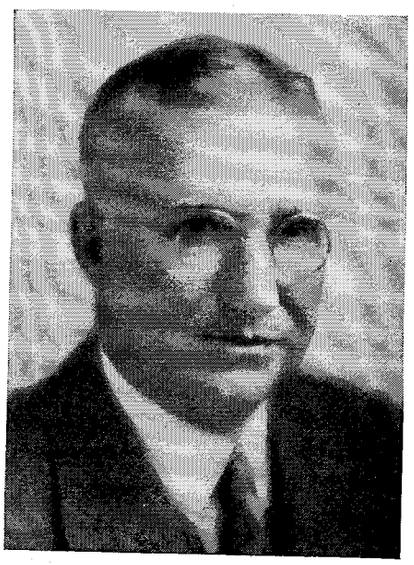
HOSPITAL CARE AT THREE CENTS A DAY

Half-Million Americans Protected Under New Insurance Plan

Free hospitalization for three weeks or more—for only three cents a day, or less. Who wouldn't pay that to wipe out one of the unpredictable nightmares of the family budget?

Nearly half a million Americans would —and do—under one or another of the many hospital insurance plans now sweeping the country.

When Ed S. Moore, insurance man of Birmingham, reached through the wicket



Backers of Alabama's "hospital insurance" plan: Ed S. Moore, Birmingham, and . . .

in the new offices of the Hospital Service Corporation of Alabama one day last week, accepting a check from Dr. Charles Newton Carraway, President of the Alabama Hospital Association, the half-a-million mark in national hospital insurance membership was passed. It is growing at the rate of 10,000 or more new members monthly.

Useful Bonus—A week earlier, in Manhattan, George M. Porter, ex-machine-gunner of the Marines, cashed his bonus check and paid $2.60 to become subscriber No. 100,000 to the Associated Hospital Service of New York. He is able-bodied now. But should he one day land in the hospital—and one out of every ten of the subscribers does every year—his moderate investment will have paid for twenty-one days' hospital service and he can select a semiprivate room in any one of 137 important metropolitan hospitals for that period. Should he be compelled to stay longer, he would be entitled to a 25 per cent. discount of the extra charge.

The New York Plan is typical of nearly all of the twenty-four major hospital insurance organizations throughout the country, altho the charges are not everywhere the same. Of the larger cities, costs are lowest in Cleveland and Birmingham, where the rate is sixty cents a month. In Rochester, New York, it is sixty-five cents; in Sacramento and New Orleans, seventy-five cents.

Hospitals get a flat rate for every patient turned over to them by the hospital insurance. They receive $15 pay for the first day, $20 for a two-day stay, $23 for three days, and $6.50 for each day thereafter. They have welcomed the insurance plan, since it not only has reduced the number of charity patients, but also provides a steady income on which each hospital can figure in advance.

Doctors, too, acclaim the insurance plan, altho they receive no part of the money turned over to the hospitals. Heretofore, patients staggered under the burden of their hospital bills and the doctor was compelled to wait. To-day insurance-plan patients, relieved of other charges, can begin paying the doctor at once.

Father of the hospital insurance plan is Dr. Justin F. Kimball, Executive Vice-President of Baylor University. In 1929, the astute Texan surprized the public with what was considered at that time a very daring plan. His aim was to organize hospital insurance for 1,250 school-teachers. The charge was fifty cents a month for each subscriber. The success of this plan soon attracted wide-spread attention.

Criticism Overcome—It was not, however, until six years later that New York followed the example of Texas. Severe criticism of the idea as a whole by various medical experts, coupled with the ensuing depression, hampered the organizing of similar plans in the East. Then Miss Fannie Hurst, in 1935, together with a number of apartment-house employees, took out the first subscriptions in New York. Within a year, membership grew to 84,000. Last week it totaled 107,000 and it is now growing at the rate of 5,000 monthly.

While Doctor Kimball's original unit has been compelled to suspend the acceptance of new subscribers owing to lack of facilities for taking care of more than its present 18,000 members, two new hospital plans have sprung up in Texas and more are planned. Everywhere throughout the country, from New York to San Francisco, similar insurance funds are springing up.

Hospital insurance plans are now operating successfully in the following cities: Bluefield, West Virginia; Charleston; Cleveland; Dallas; Easton; Geneva, N. Y.; Houston; Los Angeles; Louisville; Memphis; Middletown, N. Y.; Minneapolis; St. Paul; Newark; New Orleans; New York; Norfolk; Oklahoma City; Rochester, N. Y.; Sacramento; San Antonio; San Francisco; San Jose; Shreveport; and Washington, D. C. Two State-wide plans are operating in North Carolina and Alabama, while plans are now under consideration for the operation of hospital funds beginning this fall in Kansas City, Albany, Pittsburgh and Boston.

Acceptance by Groups—Subscribers are accepted only in groups of ten or more, and every subscriber must be employed at the time of registration.

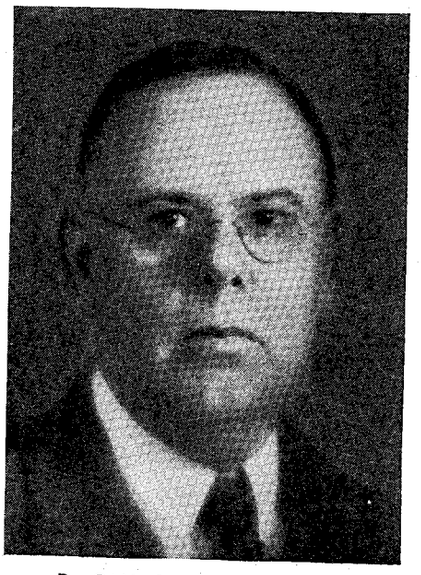
The Associated Hospital Service of New York now takes care of an average of fifty subscribers a week, and stacks of letters addressed to the fund's Director, Frank van Dyk, bear witness to the profound gratitude that many felt when misfortune came down upon them.

A fifty-seven-year-old New Yorker who admittedly scoffed at the idea when it was first presented to him, was rushed to the hospital three weeks after becoming a member. After recovering from a serious attack of pneumonia, his bill was $2.60. Another man, unemployed, fell on his back and had to be taken to the hospital. He was X-rayed, given the best of care and medical treatment, and released one week later, without any costs whatsoever.

"At first we were compelled to handle the insurance plan very cautiously," explained Mr. van Dyk. "What applied to the first 25,000 subscribers might have worked out differently when the total reached 100,000.

"As the number of subscribers grew, we were compelled to add new offices to hospitals, buy modern office-machinery and employ a large staff of trained help to cope with the ever-increasing number.

"At no time have we ever done any advertising. The plan runs and expands on its own merits."



. . . Dr. C. N. Carraway, President of the newly-formed Alabama Hospital Association

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PREHISTORIC U. S.: City Antedating Chichen-Itza Dug Up in Nebraska Sands

King Hammurabi ruled Babylon in 2024 B.C., and thought it the greatest city in the world. Half-way around the globe, on the plains of Nebraska, near a little stream called Ponca Creek, there was, in that same year, a city several times as big, containing thousands of inhabitants who had never heard of Hammurabi or the Babylonians.

It was three miles long, half a mile wide, filled with mud-daubed dwellings set half way into the ground. On the flats flourished fields of corn and beans, irrigated by spring-fed ditches. The redskinned farmers raised two kinds of domesticated beans, one like the lima, the other nearly as large as a peanut. They had pottery, stone knives, beads and shell ornaments, stored their food in pits, in earthenware jars holding nearly a bushel.

Ignorant of Babylon, they antedated by 1,500 years even the great capitals of culture to the south, Chichen-Itza and other

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cities of the Maya. Some of their pottery styles apparently came from the old Indians of the Southwest. Perhaps it was from them they learned to farm.

Ancient Dust-Storms—Then came the great drought of 3,000 years ago. The city was abandoned. Wind-blown sand covered it. Three millennia elapsed. Another great drought tore at the covering, ripped part of the sandy mantle away where a plowed field had loosened the soil.

Last spring George Wilcox, Superintendent of Schools at Lynch, Nebraska, strode across a wind-scooped field beside Ponca Creek. Pieces of pottery, flints, dried beans and colored beads crunched beneath his shoes. He notified Dr. Earl H. Bell, archeologist of the University of Nebraska. Last week Doctor Bell and a crew of diggers were driving a trench across the site of the buried city.

Every pick-stroke brought up relics. Hardly a foot of sand was winnowed through the party's screens without producing an important find. The remains of ancient Indian meals were found half-burned, and thus preserved. Food pits yielded the remnants of supplies hidden before King Tut-ankh-Amen was born.

Piles of Fossils—Refuse-piles gave up the bones of animals in such profusion that the archeologists hadn't time to examine them. Most of the bones are those of bison and elk. Mingled with the bones are arrowheads and stone knives, thin, sharp and double-chipped along the edges.

But to Doctor Bell the most exciting find of all are microscopic bits of dust which his trained eye recognizes as preserved pollen.

For five years, partly under a grant from the Carnegie Institution, he has been studying the changing climate of the past in Nebraska by the kinds of plants that grew there in various recent geological epochs. The fossil pollen, he believes, will reveal the exact age of Nebraska's buried city, tell what kind of climate its inhabitants experienced, and what occurred to drive them away.

CENTURY OF INVENTION:

Two Million Patents Taken Out by Ingenious Americans

Everybody seems to have a little of the inventor's instinct. Abraham Lincoln had a patent for a boat-buoy. Col. John Jacob Astor invented a street sweeper. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., patented a shoe-polishing cloth. Josef Hofmann, the pianist, invented automobile steering-gear improvements. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes has a patent on a dahlia.

When President Andrew Jackson signed the bill establishing the present patent system on July 4, 1836, he dipped a flowing quill-pen into an ink-well on his desk, dusted the wet ink with pounce (fine, dry sand) from a shaker and waited impatiently for it to dry.

Subsequent patents swept away Jackson's quill-pen, ink-well and shaker of pounce, substituting the fountain pen and improved blotting-paper. The American patent system he launched was the first in the world to guarantee inventors a monopoly on their ideas for seventeen years. In most European countries the monopoly was sometimes granted by the Government as a privilege; in America it is considered the inventor's right.

Inventive Senator—The first patent under the system went to a Senator from Maine, John Ruggles, for a "Locomotive Steam Engine for Rail and other Roads." The locomotive had special wheels with pins that gripped a saw-toothed rail.

Last week the Patent Office rounded out its first century by granting a patent for a newfangled circular can-opener to John D. Webber, of Bayonne, New Jersey, on July 4. It was Patent No. 2,046,309.

Between those patents marched the mechanical history of the nation. By the end of 1836 the Patent Office had granted 109 patents. Fifty years later business was so brisk that 309 patents were granted in one week, that of July 13, 1886. The two-millionth patent was issued April 30, 1935, to Joseph V. Ledwinka, of Philadelphia, for a pneumatic tire to be used on railroad-cars.

The peak year for patent applications was 1930, with 91,430. Then the depression hit; in 1934 they sagged to a low of 56,095.

For what it may be worth as an economic barometer: patent applications are now on the upgrade again. Some 108,000 are pending.

The newest kind of patents cover flowers and fruits, "invented or discovered and asexually reproduced." President Hoover signed a bill making plants patentable on May 23, 1930. Only a few hundred have been taken out so far; these include the Kallay climbing rose, some of the Burbank fruits, a new kind of lily produced by X-ray mutation and patented by the General Electric Company, an avocado "invented" by Mrs. Jennie Gano, of Whittier, California, and a red grapefruit patented by Albert Henninger of McAllen, Texas.

Franklin's Example—When Benjamin Franklin made his pioneer experiments in the transmission of electricity he opened a fruitful field that now keeps a dozen departments of the Patent Office busy. Behind every radio nestle several hundred electrical patents. In the next war, electricity will guide underwater torpedoes by remote control, under a patent owned by John Hays Hammond, Jr.

Air-planes will be taken from the earth, kept on their courses and landed by remote electrical control, perhaps under patents issued to Harry Diamond and F. W. Dunmore of the Bureau of Standards, or one granted last August to R. M. Wilmotte, of the Radio Corporation of America.

Ships at sea now find their way through fog and storm by a radio direction-finding device patented by Dr. F. A. Kolster, formerly of the Bureau of Standards. Last year a liner, following one of these devices, was guided so accurately to the Ambrose Light-Ship that it sliced the anchored vessel in two.

Thomas Edison, with more than 1,100, was probably the all-time record patent-holder, but there are runners-up. The present champion is said to be John F. O'Connor, of Chicago. Most of his 950 patents deal with railroad equipment. Elihu Thomson, one of the founders of the General Electric Company, has more than 700.

Carleton Ellis, of Montclair, New Jersey, is a close third, with some 650, dealing mainly with chemical inventions.

Women on Rolls—About 15,000 women have obtained patents. A woman, Miss M. E. Knight, patented one of the kinds of modern paper bag. The flare light used by seamen all over the world was invented by Mrs. Martha J. Coston. Another woman, Miss Beulah Louise Henry, has forty-two inventions. Patent officials call her the "Lady Edison."

Perpetual motion patents are not issued, but if the inventor calls them something else, for example, "a simple means of furnishing mechanical power," they may be granted.

Among the surprizing patents are those for a balloon to distribute hand-bills, an automatic egg-numbering device to be worn by the hen, a dry-cell foot-warmer, a traveling grand-stand for race-tracks that follows the horses around the course, an automatic fish reel that pulls the fish out when caught, a bicycle seat that pumps up and down at each bump in the road, furnishing compressed air to run the vehicle; a rest-promoting device that covers the ears and eyes to help sleepers in noisy places.

One of the most revolutionary modern inventions was celebrating last week its fiftieth year of successful commercial application. On July 3, 1886, Ottmar Mergenthaler installed in the composing-room of the New York *Tribune* the first of his typesetting machines, often called the second most important invention in printing. It was put into operation by Whitelaw Reid, the Editor, who gave it the name now known all over the world, the linotype.

Brown Bros. Photos | Underwood | Wide World

Inventors: (left to right) Mergenthaler (linotype), Westinghouse (air-brake), Singer (sewing machine), Bell (telephone), De Forest (radio inventions), and Ellis, who holds more than 700 patents

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EDITORS OF 43 STATES CHOOSE LEADER

Clayton Rand of Mississippi Heads National Editorial Group

Courtesy *Editor & Publisher*

(Left to right) The new President of the NEA, Clayton Rand, with the retiring President, Robert H. Pritchard, and the new Vice-President, W. W. Loomis

When a six-foot lumberman named "Art" Rand deserted the North Woods in 1896 for the virgin yellow pine forests of Southern Mississippi, he brought with him a somewhat oversized lad of seven who was to become the 1936 President of the National Editorial Association.

While his father bossed husky timber crews, Clayton Thomas Rand established himself as leader of the band of boys which romped the lumber town of Bond, concentration point for pine moving over newly-laid tracks to the harbor at Gulfport, thirty miles south.

When school-bells rang out across the piney woods that fall, young Clayton Rand came under the tutelage of a school-teacher named Theodore Bilbo, later Governor of the State, now U. S. Senator. Across the aisle in the schoolroom sat the small daughter of an engineer whose wood-burning locomotive puffed daily out to Art Rand's crew in the woods.

Romance—By the time he reached the third grade, Clayton was carrying the very young lady's books home each afternoon. Through school and college he kept up his devotion. Last week, at the Poland Springs, Maine, convention of editors and publishers of small-town papers in forty-three States, she sat beside him as his wife.

Clayton Rand first ventured into the newspaper field at the age of eleven with a black billy-goat and a brightly painted wagon as delivery equipment. He built up the Rand agency for the New Orleans *Times-Democrat,* now the *Times-Picayune.* All went well until the goat died and with it the news agency.

Completing what schooling his home-town offered, Clayton went to Meridian, Mississippi, for a year preparatory to the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, now Mississippi State, at Starkville.

Arriving virtually penniless, he launched a peanut-roasting business which swept the campus and won for him college expenses, immediate popularity with the students, and the nickname "Peanut."

At Mississippi State, he touched printers' ink for the second time, becoming in his senior year Editor of the school magazine *Reflector.* He developed immediately the energetic and aggressive editorial style and policy which have characterized his entire newspaper experience. As representative of his college in oratorical contests, he learned his avocation of public speaking.

Educational Shock—Still earning his way, Rand entered Harvard and learned that his grammatical structure wasn't what it should be. Split infinitives proved a stumbling block which nearly cost him credit for a course in English until, in a special session with the Dean of the Department, he quoted the inscription above the exit from Harvard Yard:

"Depart to better serve thy country and thy kind."

The Dean decided to let him depart with his degree as a bachelor of science, in 1913.

Rand followed up his education with a term in Harvard Law School. But Harvard proved too expensive, and he returned to selling. He peddled aluminum ware, nutmegs and popcorn machines in Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey. With his profits he returned to Mississippi in 1918 to read law, was admitted to the bar, practising at Jackson, the State Capital.

When Rand's law firm sent him on legal matters to the village of Philadelphia, Neshoba County, Mississippi, opportunity fanned in him an almost forgotten flame. The Neshoba *Democrat* was for sale, and he bought it. Happy in the satisfaction of his editorial yearnings, he soon developed the little weekly into an outstanding publication. Upon the heels of this success, he established weeklies in the nearby villages of Dekalb and Tunica.

Eventually, the call of the pine-lands induced him to sell his inland weeklies and move to Gulfport, where he purchased the *Dixie Press.* Before the year was out, he launched the *Mississippi Guide,* the weekly he still edits and publishes.

Through *The Guide* columns, Rand won two national competitions, an all-expense tour of Germany as guest of the Pressa, the international press exhibition at Cologne, and the award of the Wisconsin State Press Association and the Milwaukee Press Club for the best editorial on the Badger State.

Swift Recognition—Official honors have come rapidly during Rand's comparatively short experience. He became President of the Mississippi Press Association in 1925, a Director of the NEA in 1933 and 1934, and now he succeeds the retiring President, Robert H. Pritchard, of the Weston (W. Va.) *Democrat.*

W. W. Loomis, La Grange (Ill.) *Citizen,* former Treasurer and Acting Managing Director of the NEA, was advanced to the Vice-Presidency. Walter Crim, Salem (Ind.) *Republican,* was elected Treasurer. The Directors elected are: Roy A. Brown, Sanger, California; W. H. Conrad, Medford, Wisconsin; R. B. Howard, London, Ohio; Allen McGowan, Minneapolis; Howard W. Palmer, Greenwich, Connecticut, and R. C. Stitser, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Hands clutched editorial wallets fattened for the 1,000-mile sightseeing tour of Maine when for the first time the majority of the editors learned that the NEA was $12,000 in debt.

Scorning suggestions that machinery manufacturers be asked for aid, the editors peeled vacation frolic rolls of $1,200 to help meet the deficit piled up at the demise of the NRA. The Association, acting as Code Authority, had been left holding the bag of bills accumulated for that service.

Prizes Distributed—Some of the editors were recompensed when a board of twenty-eight publishers announced winners of awards for excellence.

First honors for general excellence of weeklies under 1,000 circulation went to the Archbold (Ohio) *Buckeye,* W. O. Taylor, Publisher, and for weeklies over 1,000 circulation, to the Cobleskill (N. Y.) *Times,* published by C. L. Ryder.

The Marshall (Minn.) *Messenger,* published by W. C. Peterson, took the trophy for general excellence of dailies under 3,500 circulation, while the award for dailies above that figure went to the Evansville (Ill.) *News-Index,* Merle Slane, Publisher.

In the most outstanding edition classification, first place for weeklies was won by the Farmville (Va.) *Herald,* and for dailies, by the Sheridan (Wyo.) *Press.*

First awards for the best editorial page went to the Cobleskill (N. Y.) *Times;* for production, to the Scarsdale (N. Y.) *Inquirer,* a weekly, and the Winona (Minn.) *Republican-Herald,* a daily; for community service, to the Guthrie Center (Ia.) *Guthrian,* a weekly, and the Astoria (Ore.) *Astorian-Budget,* a daily; for job printing, to the Monmouth (Ill.) *Review,* and for best use of illustrative material, to the Midland (Mich.) *Republican.*

Warning Advice—The ad-hungry publishers received a shock when Louis Glaser, Boston advertising agent, declared that small newspapers get more advertising accidentally than through their own efforts. He pointed out that large papers flood advertising agencies with figures and information and urged that NEA members should do the same.

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REPRODUCTION OF AN EARTHQUAKE

"San Francisco" Hailed as Magnificently Pictured Hokum

The aftermath of San Francisco's great earthquake of 1906, portrayed on the screen

On the San Francisco earthquake many evils were blamed. To the fire went credit for resultant virtues and reforms.

It remained for Scenarists Robert Hopkins and Anita Loos to use the twin catastrophes as base for a vivid, engrossing film with a simple aim: to prove to Clark Gable that godless living was wrong.

Stripped thus down to its essential, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "San Francisco" sounds hollow, a waste of writing and acting talent. It is anything but that. It is a vigorous, dramatic motion-picture moving steadily toward a climax without compare in the history of film-making.

Previous Failures—Many attempts have been made adequately to film a reproduction of San Francisco's appalling disaster. Some were so obviously faked as to be silly, some were simply good examples of competent house-wrecking. The present film actually gives audiences a realistic, lasting sense of the horror that twisted and tortured the Coast city April 18, 1906.

In it, Mr. Gable is *Blackie Norton*, operator of a Barbary Coast saloon. To it comes *Mary Blake*, a minister's daughter with a voice of gold. She is engaged to sing; she and *Blackie* fall in love. The manager of the opera-house hears her sing, believes her to possess a talent more rare than is required for cabaret singing and invites her to sing in opera.

Character Transformation—Because he has a contract with her, *Blackie* tries to prevent her leaving his resort. A benign, wise priest, amazingly played by Spencer Tracy, heretofore noted for "tough guy" rôles, persuades him not to balk her career.

Thereafte "San Francisco" becomes a shuttle film, sending Jeanette MacDonald first to the *Blackie* played by Mr. Gable, then to *Burley*, the opera manager, played by Jack Holt.

The tragedy of the earthquake and fire unites the indecisive *Mary* and *Blackie*, with the priest a friend of both. Against this, for the cinema-routine ending, the city is shown rebuilding itself.

Into this candidly melodramatic plot Director W. S. Van Dyke has poured every element of known success. The result is hokum, but such magnificently contrived hokum that up to the beginning of the earthquake every foot of "San Francisco" is excellent motion-picture.

Views of Critics—Critics were quick to recognize the elemental dramatics of the earlier scenes, quicker to exhaust their adjectives.

Kate Cameron, New York *Daily News:* "'San Francisco' is a sensational melodrama that is heartily recommended to all filmgoers who relish a raw, meaty taste in their movie fare. The picture packs a wallop that is felt in every foot of film."

William Boehnel, New York *World-Telegram:* "There comes a time in every motion-picture reviewer's life when he is afflicted by a sense of remorse for having squandered his stock of adjectives. . . . 'San Francisco' is a film that is grandly worth all the adjectives."

Leo Mishkin, New York *Morning Telegraph:* "How . . . Mr. Van Dyke managed to obtain such startling sequences of a city going to pieces is more than this correspondent ever will know."

BRET HARTE COMEBACK:

His "M'liss" on Screen Justifies Robert Sisk's Judgment

Eight years ago, hub of the Theater Guild's press department in New York, Robert Sisk vowed that if he ever got on an influential basis with any motion-picture executive he would beg that one to film the best of Bret Harte. Sisk, never dreaming he would one day be a motion-picture executive, tucked that and one other notion away in his mind. The other was that Liam O'Flaherty's stories were magnificent film material.

A producer now in Hollywood, he has discharged one debt to his dreaming: he has seen to it that O'Flaherty's monumental book, "The Informer," got a first-class screening.

That done, he has turned to Harte. The first production is one of Harte's major works, "M'liss" (RKO). In a few months, the second, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," will come to the screen.

The peril in filming "M'liss" was that of too-slavish following of the intent of the story.

It was packed with melodramatic and emotional traps which might have made it a saccharine photoplay unfit for screening in cities.

Gentle Frontier Days—Intelligent writing, direction and casting of players precisely fitted for the simple rôles of a delightful comedy have saved the picture.

They result in a sentimental, gentle but exceptionally palatable little record of frontier days.

At about the time Mr. Sisk was arriving at his conviction that Harte had written splendidly for motion-pictures, Mary Pickford was making the first release of "M'liss." A silent, eight years old now, it seems a rickety, awkward antique compared to the 1936 version.

The film brings John Beal back to the screen, after an absence in the theater of New York.

He and Anne Shirley play the major rôles with scrupulous fidelity to the mood created by Harte.

Guy Kibbee supplies, once more, a rounded portrait of a drunken, but devoted father.

Press Acclaim—The film trade press gave "M'liss" high praise as a "family" picture; predicted it would charm even urban audiences:

The Hollywood Reporter thus assays the film: "The whole picture, despite its old-fashioned stock situations, is oddly lifelike and appealing."

Daily Hollywood Variety passes this verdict: "Excellent entertainment for general audience level."

Best scene: Miss Shirley, as the innocent mountain girl, naïvely going to a tough dance-hall woman to ask advice on marriage, the teacher of the town having virtually proposed.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The White Angel"; "These Three"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"; "San Francisco."

AAA—"Desire"; "The Singing Kid"; "Sons O'Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed"; "M'liss."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

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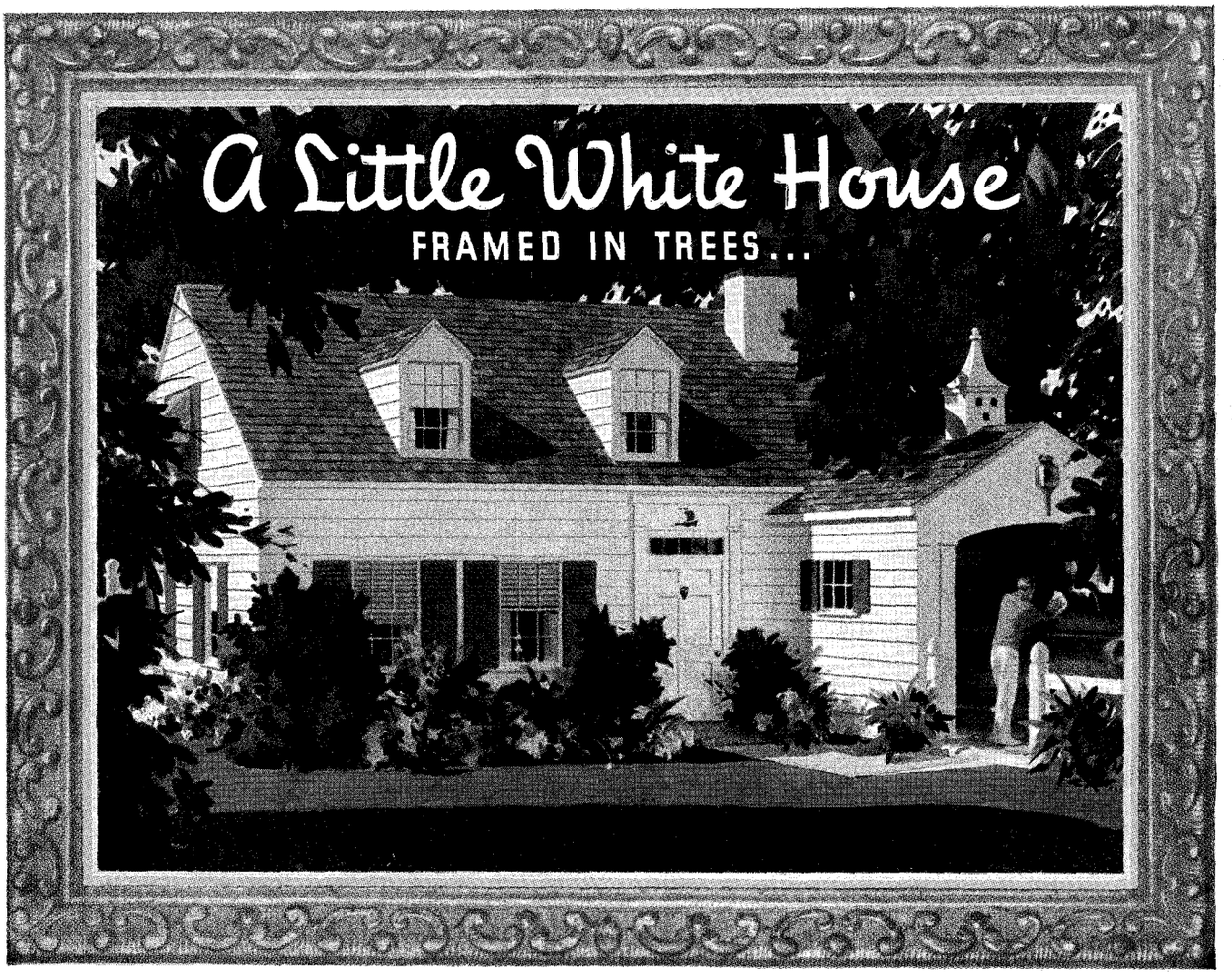


DON'T LET "CHEAP" PAINT SPOIL THE PICTURE!

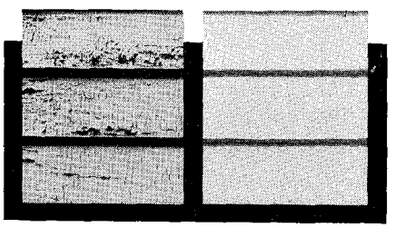
HOME, SWEET HOME! You've planned for it. Worked for it. Sacrificed for it.

Then why invite the heartache that is sure to follow if you use "cheap" paint?

The first photograph at the right shows what always happens—how "cheap" paint soon cracks and scales, not only marring the beauty of a house but exposing the wood to the ravages of the weather.

That's hard to bear, but the sequel is heartbreaking too. For before new paint can be put on the old must be taken off, burned and scraped off, down to the bare wood...a costly operation that takes all the "bargain" out of the original job. Then on top of that comes another expensive extra. Before the finishing coats are applied a new priming coat is needed.

But note the contrast with Dutch Boy. No heartaches here. No extra expense. For paint made with Dutch Boy White-Lead does not crack and scale. It resists the weather—wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking, leaving a smooth, unbroken surface, one that needs no burning and scraping when repainting is necessary.



"CHEAP" PAINT

After a few months. A short life and a sad one. Now the surface must be repainted. But first the old paint must be burned off and then an extra coat—a new priming coat—applied. All this is expense the owner never figured on.

DUTCH BOY

After several years. Same location as "cheap" paint job. Look at the difference in condition. No cracking and scaling here. When repaint time does come, no burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed.

The experienced painter prefers to put on Dutch Boy because its beauty and durability give lasting satisfaction to property owners and reflect credit on his craftsmanship. He mixes it to suit the requirements of the job and tints it to the exact colors you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

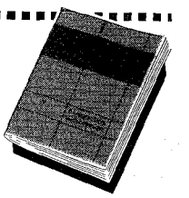
Dutch Boy helps you pay

If lack of ready cash prevents you from painting, take advantage of The Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Small monthly installments. One and a half to two years' time. Use the coupon below to obtain complete information and a copy of our illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In." Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right paint, the right painter, and the right color scheme. Address Department 233, nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building, Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 233
(See list of branches above)



Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Include Folder describing Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

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SPANKING THE MOVIES:

It Has Done Some Good, but Not Enough, Say the Censorious

Motion-pictures have squirmed for three years under the corrective influence of the hair-brush and soap of the Legion of Decency.

For two years, they have been roundly spanked, their language tubbed and

Acme

Will Hays, movie "czar": Part of his job is to see that American films have fewer scenes of . . .

scrubbed by a production code within the industry.

In spite of heroic efforts to behave better, Hollywood has received notice from the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America that tho it has been good, it hasn't been good enough.

Heretofore comparatively free from censure, newsreels took a hiding for stoking "propaganda for war and armaments." Newsreel film company officials replied that the constant spectacle of Europe preparing for conflict necessarily imposed martial scenes. But the FCCCA was not impressed:

"They go beyond legitimate picturing of news to glorify the Army and the Navy," it said bluntly.

Its statement, an enlargement of the report of the Right Rev. Frank DuMoulin of Locust Valley, New York, swiftly moved from the battle-field antics of the newsreels to the drawing-room capers of feature films.

Counts of Indictment—Granting the progress made by the cinema industry in its efforts to be decorous, the report none the less charged these infractions:

1. False picturing of the love and ethics of true marriage.
2. Lack of depth, sincerity and integrity in picturing the ideals of life.
3. Overdone drinking scenes to an extent amounting to education of youth in tippling.
4. Glorification of gambling.

"There is a subtle and often open ballyhoo for race-track and other forms of gambling," the report concludes, "which is supporting in fact, when not in purpose, the present high-powered commercial promotion of gambling and lotteries."

Gambling filled much space in the Council's statement and fire fell heavily on audience lures indulged in by neighborhood theaters. "In these 'bank nights' and other ways of stimulating attendance at theaters, not only is the craze for gambling fed, but also there develops a tendency to use cheap features instead of the more desirable pictures."

Publication of the report caused private comment but no panic in Hollywood. It has buttressed itself against habitual criticism through stern application to its production code. Further to forestall such reports it has appointed Joseph I. Breen to keep a calm, censorial eye not only on completed pictures but even on projected pictures.

Unauthorized Dictators—Mr. Breen, appointed from the office of Will Hays, "czar" of the cinema who is not in fact a czar at all, reads all of the stories contemplated for filming, blue-penciling possibly offensive scenes and dialog in completed scripts.

Mr. Hays and Breen wield tremendous correctional power without, indeed, having such power authorized. A committee of producers may overrule any ban laid down by either.

But the committee never has overruled them.

The problem of censorship has been vexing to churchmen and reformers.

The Catholic Legion of Decency exercises watch over films; almost every Protestant religious organization has a committee on morals which embraces supervision of motion-pictures.

In addition there are State and community boards of censorship, in the main informal.

Indeed, the informality of these locality censorship boards is evident in the lengths to which films went to boldness before the impact of the Legion of Decency forced Hollywood to clean house. Where the censorship committees failed, the Legion triumphed.

It is not the producers who currently smart under the rigid rules of the Legion and the production code. It is the scenarists.

"They are playing a game among themselves out here," Beau Broadway wrote for the New York *Morning Telegraph* during a recent visit to Hollywood. "The scenarists, burning because of censorship restrictions, are trying their best to stud films with hidden, subtle, but sometimes appalling jokes.

"At luncheon-tables they wager among themselves as to how many coarse but well-concealed jests can be inserted in a picture script."

Effect on Audience—This ambiguous smokehouse humor, deplored by producers who as often as not do not recognize it when they see and hear it before films are released publicly, is not wide-spread. Audiences, wise to certain coarse jokes, detect them and laugh. Other audiences do not. Children rarely ever. Often the defiant words and actions are scissored out at the studio.

The FCCCA report, nevertheless, gives notice that it has detected attempts to skip the traces:

"There is a disquieting trend in many films, in trailers and in exhibitor publicity, to go as far as possible in suggestiveness."

The studios made no reply to the Council's statement.

They went ahead with their annual meetings, proposed the largest production

. . . drinking . . .

. . . drunkenness . . .

. . . and gambling

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schedules in years. No mention was made of censorship or clean films.

Signing of the production code in December, 1933, was not without some appeal for Federal supervision.

The President declined to establish Federal censorship, altho reform agencies pointed out that more than $1,000,000,000 a year was spent at film box-offices in the United States.

Mr. Roosevelt acted on the advice of General Hugh S. Johnson.

Nor was it even agreed then that movies exercised a powerful force for evil, especially among the young.

Optimistic View—"The very brutality of certain movies seems to have acted as a corrective," P. W. Wilson wrote in THE LITERARY DIGEST, January 6, 1934. "Young people see how it looks to be a bandit, a drunkard and a wastrel, nor do they wish to sit for the portrait.

"The theory that gangster pictures produced gangdom does not appear to be chronological."

No confusion exists in the calm, ordered mind of Mr. Breen. If reform agencies are in doubt as to what is or is not censorable, and how to accomplish censorship, the Breen notion isn't.

"The provisions are simple and explicit," he told Douglas W. Churchill.

"Practically every subject within dramatic scope can be used if treated with intelligence. . . . It is against the public welfare that crime and evil be presented to plastic minds alluringly.

"A single slip at the end of a film which brings the downfall of a criminal is not enough to satisfy public demand. . . . Presentation of crimes against either human or divine law is often necessary to the plot, but sympathy can not be for the criminal or against the law."

UTOPIA IN THEATER:

Katherine Cornell Sees Fewer, Better Productions as Goal of Future

Canny managers of the legitimate are recognizing the sanity of a four-month season, highly concentrated, offering only the best of plays to a smaller but highly specialized audience. They have termed it, this long-dreamed-of Utopia, a "Big Little Theater."

Katherine Cornell, one of the few important film-free stars, joins the managers in approving the plan. To Elliot Norton in the Boston *Post* she said: "There is no likelihood that there will be more 'legitimate' stage attractions in a few years than there are now. On the contrary, there may be fewer."

Pressing the point, she made a blunt estimation of the years ahead:

"The theater of the future will be numerically smaller; it will, probably, reach fewer people. Yet it will be richer, better and finer.

"The ordinary theater, the theater of second-rate plays and players, like the stock company, can not compete with Hollywood.

"Summer stock is one thing. But regular stock companies are out of date now. People no longer go to see actors and actresses learning their business when they can go to a movie and see first-rate actors and actresses in a first-rate production—at lower prices."

DANGER AHEAD

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION
...ride on Goodrich Silvertowns!

Pietro: "You pay for my vegetables–yes?"

Driver: "Don't worry. I'll take care of you. After that blow-out I should be thankful I'm still alive."

* * *

Figures don't lie. Every year thousands of dollars are spent for damages—thousands of motorists are killed or injured when blow-outs throw cars out of control. To trust to luck when it comes to tires is to invite a serious, costly accident. Because when you spin along the highways at a rate of 40, 50, 60 miles an hour terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER grows this invisible blister. Then it's just a matter of time when, BANG! A blow-out!

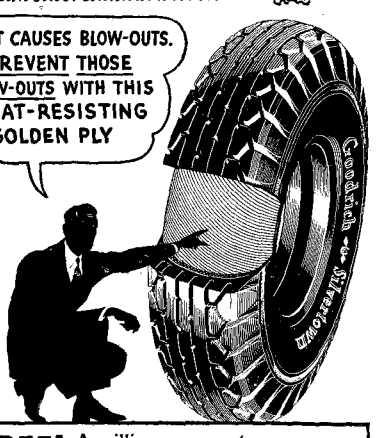
An amazing invention

To protect you every new Goodrich Silvertown is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the amazing Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—it keeps heat blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Silvertowns also safeguard you against dangerous tail-spin skids with a specially designed "road drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car. At the first sign of a skid the big center ribs sweep away water, giving the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip.

No extra cost

If you need tires now—if you are going to need them during the next few months —*don't take chances.* See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. *They cost not a penny more than other standard tires!*



FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. We ask your cooperation. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome red crystal emblem to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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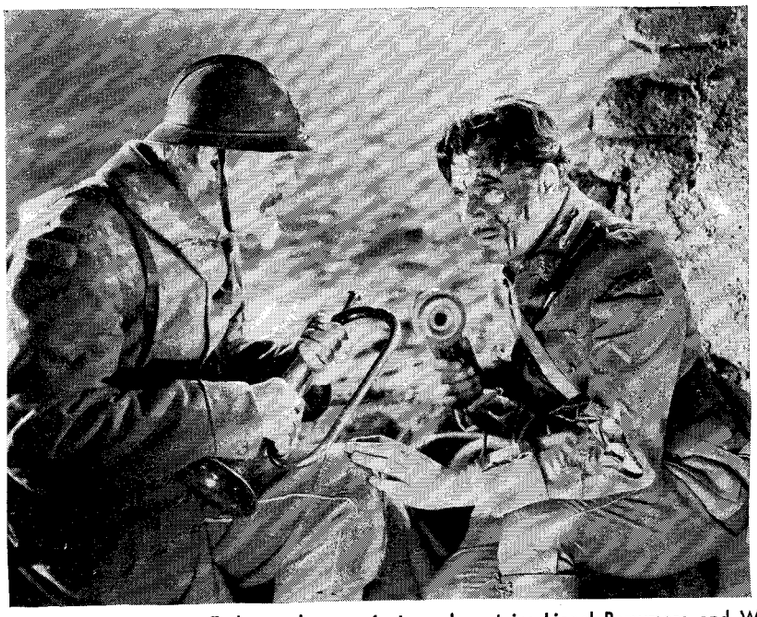
NEW PORTRAYAL OF WAR THAT AVOIDS PROPAGANDA



Father and son, private and captain: Lionel Barrymore and Warner Baxter in "The Road to Glory," Hollywood's latest war film; (right) Fredric March, as a young lieutenant, who becomes interested in . . .

. . . the Captain's sweetheart, a French nurse (June Lang)

The zero hour arrives, and . . .

Every time Hollywood makes a war film it prays for broad-mindedness in Europe. Three times foreign Governments have frowned on California projects to photograph war as a horror. One of the bans still sticks.

"The Road to Glory," latest film of men, love, and battles, soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox, hurdles barriers erected by the sensitive chancelleries, but thus far has roweled no censors abroad. Producer Nunnally Johnson, looking ahead, was smart enough to insist that Joel Sayre and William Faulkner, scenarists, forget propaganda as it might affect the politics or diplomacy of any European nation.

The result is a grim, terrifying straightforward cinema report of what war is like, war anywhere.

Critics have pronounced the picture a thumping triumph in objectivity, and put it with "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End" as a masterly warning sign in the world's unquiet state to 80,000,000 picture fans.

Among the players in the picture are Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, Fredric March and June Lang.

. . . the attack begins

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POSTSURREALISM, THE SUPERMODERN

From California Comes an Answer to Old World Innovators

The latest thing from London is no longer the latest thing in art.

In Brooklyn, thirty-five American oil paintings, whose artist-creators bear witness that they are hung right side up, have cast their shadows over the Thames. They are America's Postsurrealistic answer to Europe's Surrealism.

When New York's city within a city quietly opened the portals of its modernized stone Museum a few weeks ago to display the works of a group of six California artists, it probably little realized that it was making history. Neither did the amazing crowds that came daily to see the newest of new art sense the momentous import of what presented itself to their eyes.

It was not, indeed, until blasé London, whose art fanatics are still agog over their International Surrealist Exhibition, turned frowning stares across the Atlantic, that unassuming Brooklynites suddenly became aware of their Postsurrealism Exhibition.

"1936—Figure and Landscape" by Grace Clements: Brooklyn was not amazed

Many Uninformed—Not many of them know even what Postsurrealism is, either before or after viewing the collection. Reginald Batson, the neatly-uniformed guide who takes visitors through the Postsurrealism Room, admires the honesty of those who frankly admit that they are lost in the artistic woods.

"There are those," he scoffs, "who know what it's all about—or say they do. Then, there are those who show off and tell their friends so that every one can hear them that this is old stuff, taken from guys like Chirico, Dove and Picasso."

Batson has his own way of figuring out what Postsurrealism is all about. "When I was first assigned to this room," he explains modestly, "I said to myself: 'Better watch out, Bat, or this thing will have you bats.' Well, it has; but not the way I thought. I actually get a kick out of figuring what the artist was thinking."

His gnarled finger indicated a curious, gaudy tangle of banjos, telegraph-wires, and ocean-liners. "Lucien Labaudt did it; it's his dream of going to the South Seas for a vacation." The picture was called "Telepathic Travels to Tahiti."

There was one in another corner that had baffled nearly everybody. The Statue of Liberty, an odd-looking horse, a weird curved skeleton, by Grace Clements. It did not baffle the attendant. "It's against dictatorships," he grinned; adding that it reminded him of a cartoon he had seen.

Leonardo da Vinci, the great Italian master, is held responsible for the beginnings of what is presently bothering London's art critics. At least they blame him—pointing to some of his note-book sketches to prove their point.

Then came large-headed André Breton. Just after the World War, he surprized Parisians with pictures of bowls filled with eyes, glasses full of fingers, and strange arrays of ears and noses floating in mid-air.

The Cubists and Dadaists followed with a wild barrage of geometric depictions of the human form. The Surrealists came in their wake, with Postsurrealism at their heels.

A Californian, Lorser Feitelson, claims the laurels of having "invented" Postsurrealism. His father, a Russian, taught him to draw. He soon became a proficient artist, but somehow, fame refused to smile upon him. He was drawing and painting things as most people see them.

He grew tired of eating in cafeterias and owing his landlady the rent. He donned a yellow polo-shirt, put on a pair of baggy trousers, let his hair grow long, and then—then came his (and Brooklyn's) fame.

"Postsurrealism endeavors to attain an expression that is firmly rooted in permanent and constant psychological phenomena," explained the frail "Father of Postsurrealism," whose pictures also are prominent in the Brooklyn Exhibition. "Such expression is classic—breathless," he gasps, his arms drawing circles in the air.

"Practically every modern painter is working in a similar direction. It is coming as the immediate to-morrow of subjective art which is classic in its ultimate aim. The esthetic integrity is obtained through the subjective order of forms and their psychological character. This new classicism is distinctly cerebral and intellectual in methods, such as the rational formalism directly opposed to automatic and subconscious recordings of Dali and his Surrealist colleagues."

Purpose Outlined—Referring to his picture, "Genesis," number one of the prominent pictures at the Brooklyn exhibition, Feitelson explained: " 'Genesis' is an attempt to create deep emotional response by intellectual comprehension of arrangement of forms."

The six Californians represented in the Brooklyn Museum show offer very much more variety of subjects in their thirty-five exhibits than the thirty artists representing fourteen countries who make up the Surrealist jamboree in shocked, sophisticated London.

With the help of rusty nails, wire screens, tacks, pins, and even burned matches, they have spread their canvases over rough compo boards.

Helen Lundberg's easily grasped "Double Portrait of the Artist in Time," is diametrically opposed to her insertion of astronomical symbols into landscapes: "Cosmicide" and "Sun Dial." Knud Merrild's idea of "Good and Evil," like Edgar Rice Burroughs's pictures, shows weird imaginations of life on the planet Mars.

Press Comment—Brooklyn, unlike London, has taken the supermodernists calmly.

"I should say that the local people are probably accustomed to novelties by now," explained auburn-haired Grant Code, Editor of Museum Publications, adding that it was the endeavor of the Museum to further modern art wherever possible.

Not so London, which has been popping with head-lines ever since its now antiquated Surrealism Exhibition opened early in the summer. Said *The Daily Mail*, "A shocking Art Show," and *The Daily Herald* followed up with, "Here are the Marx Brothers of Art."

In a clever attempt to wreck the London exhibit with the help of ridicule, austere animal painter B. Howitt Lodge, F.R.Z.S., concocted a grotesque figure of a woman to which were appended a sponge and some wooden beads. He signed it with "D. S. Windle," and submitted it to the exhibition. Officials declared it to be "an awfully interesting picture," and ordered it hung in the center of the room.

When the hoax was discovered, the picture was kicked down the back stairs. "I did it as a protest against one of the most warped and disgusting shows I have ever attended," guffawed the famous painter.

UP FROM SCULLERY: Skill of Sotomayor as Caricaturist First Recognized in Hotel

Rich tho he might be in talent and ancestry, Antonio Sotomayor, young Bolivian artist, found himself penniless in a strange, big country. Impoverished and hungry, he walked the streets of San Francisco for days, desolated because he could not pay

Antonio Sotomayor: once he polished silver in the Palace Hotel; now he decorates its walls

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He walked in the locker room and spread ATHLETE'S FOOT

HE WAS A "CARRIER"

HE'D be the most unpopular man in the club if his friends knew he was a carrier of Athlete's Foot. But he doesn't know it himself! That's the treacherous thing about this disease. There's no pain at first. Yet as soon as the fungus fastens on you, *you spread Athlete's Foot wherever you walk barefoot.* You infect your friends, your own family, and let yourself in for painful trouble.

Don't be a carrier. Examine your toes tonight. If you note the slightest redness, douse on Absorbine Jr. at once. Or else, tiny, itching blisters may appear. Then excessive moisture, white, dead-looking skin, painful peeling, raw, distressing tissues. Absorbine Jr. kills the fungus when reached. Promptly, it brings cooling, soothing comfort and aids in healing raw tissues. So get a bottle immediately. Accept no substitute. All druggists, $1.25; for a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

If you are suffering with an extreme case, consult a doctor. So difficult is it to kill the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, your own socks can re-infect you unless boiled 20 minutes when washed.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

for an art course at the University of California.

He could speak no English in that year of 1923, and his only resource was a suave distinction of manners and the bearing of a prospective *conquistador*. A friend tried to find him work, and one day rumor reached them that there was work for the asking at the Palace Hotel.

He got a job, polishing silverware in the scullery.

Señor Sotomayor's latent talent for drawing did not wither under the kitchen's heat. On the backs of order pads, he began caricaturing his fellow employees; the French chef struggling with a filet, waiters teetering along under their trays, bloated diners, any type of personality which struck a spark from his satiric intelligence.

Emulation Aroused—Artists were painting murals in the hotel, and as Sotomayor watched them, belief rose up in him that he could do the painting as well. He rushed to the manager with a sheaf of his caricatures. Amazed but convinced of genius in their midst, the hotel's officials gave Sotomayor a studio on the top floor and eased his kitchen work considerably. His true career had started.

As a gangling youth of fifteen, Antonio Sotomayor stood open-mouthed at the edge of an improvised flying field at La Paz, Bolivia, August 5, 1919.

The Bolivians roared an overwhelming greeting as the first air-plane to fly across the South American Republic zoomed down. Out of it—the lone ship of the recently organized Bolivian Flying Corps—stepped Capt. Donald Hudson, late of the United States Army, who had navigated the biplane all the way south from his own country.

To Antonio, Captain Hudson's dramatic flight was much more than an historic event. The moment of exaltation he experienced in his glimpse of the clean, hard lines of the helmeted aviator's face was to guide his life. The descent of this strange machine from the north became to the slim, nervous youth a symbol of another world, of new opportunities for achievement.

New Method—That night, Antonio, who had dreamed of becoming a great artist, drew his first caricature, an amusingly distorted sketch of Captain Hudson. Diez Demendina, prominent La Paz magazine publisher, to whom he showed it, accepted it on the spot. The drawing, used to illustrate the story of the American's flight, became famous overnight.

The pungently humorous expression of the *aviador Americano del norte* led editors of La Paz's newspapers to engage alert young Antonio as a political caricaturist. Thus, while he still was studying in the Bolivian Government's art school, the lean-faced boy artist became known as the *nino* who did those side-splitting portraits of pompous *politicos*.

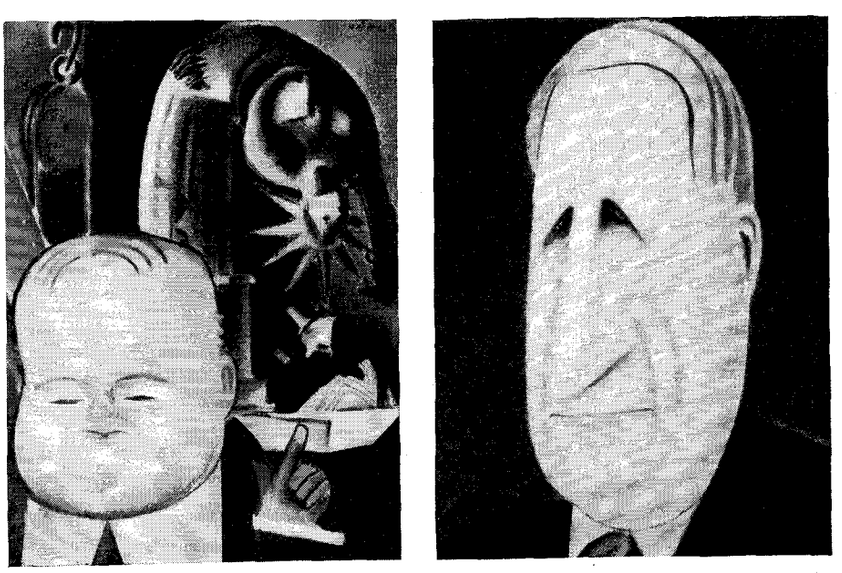
Antonio was happy in his native plateau city to which his grandee ancestor, Brava de Saravia Santomayor had come in 1567, sent by Philip II of Spain to become President of the Governor's Council. But a childhood friend, returning to La Paz from San Francisco on a visit, revived old dreams of the great world above the Equator.

To-day, Sotomayor proudly points to his American murals in the building where once he was one of the kitchen help. After many of his drawings had been accepted by American magazines such as "Life," he sponsored exhibitions of native Bolivian and Mexican art in San Francisco in 1930. In 1931 he was sent with the University of California's expedition into northern Mexico to sketch the scientists' findings.

Prefers America—"I am first interested in serious painting," Antonio Sotomayor explains, "but caricaturing struck my fancy, especially in America, because here I can see my subjects in the newsreels, hear them on the radio, and read of their personalities in newspapers and magazines, so getting all sides of their characters, both ponderous and quixotic." One can note the quixotic in his Palace Hotel murals.

In the "Emperor Norton Panel," the gorgeously-uniformed queer man, self-styled "Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico," is carrying one of his "Proclamations"—an order for more clothes—through a group in which Mark Twain with the Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Bret Harte with the Heathen Chinee are included.

Caricaturing is Sotomayor's most widely-publicized achievement, whatever his longing for more serious work may be. In the Pied Piper Room of the Palace Hotel, his acid portrait of President Franklin D. Roosevelt as St. Francis of Assisi with the Blue Eagle on his shoulder, surrounded by vultures and egrets, is counter-balanced by



Herbert Hoover (left) and William Randolph Hearst: Antonio Sotomayor's satiric impressions of two noted Californians exhibited in a San Francisco hotel

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his cartoon of ex-President Herbert Hoover (see cut) standing beneath the Statue of Liberty, which is bending backward to the prayer of a kneeling, silk-hatted plutocrat.

Explaining the searching power of his brush and the courage of his ironic ideas, Sotomayor frankly states, "I wouldn't paint anything I would not care to tell to the subject's own face."

NEW BOOKS: Novel of English Farm Life, Satire on Dictatorship, Norwegian Tale

Beyond Sing the Woods. By Trygve Gulbranssen. 313 pp. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.)

The pointing out of high-falutin' purpose in any novel is likely to convince the reader that here is another novel to be read like a schoolboy under the compulsion of reading "Hamlet." Such conviction, in the case of this book, translated from the Norwegian by Naomi Walford, definitely would be unfair to the author.

Gulbranssen's primary aim has been to tell a story of violent moods and passions. If his plot hangs on a skeleton of the heroic past in conflict with the more Christian present, it in no way slows up the narration.

The *Bjorndals* of "Beyond Sing the Woods" are steeped in pride of race, as becomes a folk set above their neighbors of the lowlands, and in their souls burn fires not far above a noble savagery. We see it in the struggle between *Torgeir* and the bear. We encounter it again in *Dag*, son of *Torgeir*, who is the link between the *Bjorndals* of the forests and the generation bent upon contact with a newer civilization.

Dag finds a woman from the city to become his wife. While her gentle sister tries to exert a taming influence on the powerful *Dag*, his wife, on the other hand, finds much of interest to her in the *Bjorndal* ways. Which occasions minor dramas, such as *Dag's* sudden decision to go to church. He makes a race of it, and winning, gloats in pagan triumph.

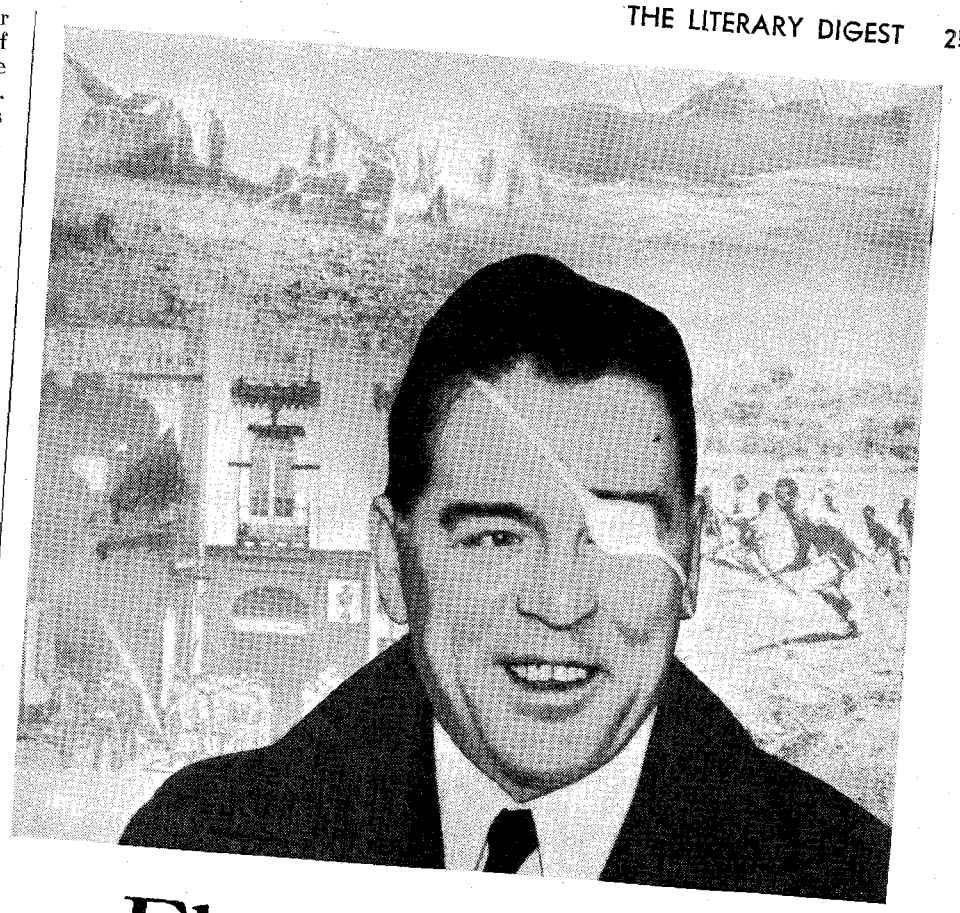
But against this fierce, iron-banded soul flows a softening stream of human sympathy. *Dag*, too, has a son who weds a girl of his own choosing. And out of love for his son, *Old Dag* loses the blinding urge to power which has made him mighty in his affairs as were his ancestors in battle.

This novel is no gently moving "Growth of the Soil" but a tale of high spirit and bold action, told with studied simplicity.

Critical Opinions—BUFFALO TIMES: "*. . . . One of the rare books which quickens one's consciousness and enlarges one's understanding . . . a spacious tale whose elemental truth not only evidences a passionate and striking talent, but is in keeping with the great tradition of Scandinavian literature. . . . Continental critics consider 'Beyond Sing the Woods' one of the classics of our time.*"

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT: "*Mr. Gulbranssen is concerned with the elemental things in a man's life; his violent moods of hate and revenge, love, pity and charity. They are present in this novel in the barest simplicity with no overtones or subtle symbolic references. Nor is the novel naïve. It has some of the elements of an old folk-tale.*"

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: "*It is difficult to convey an adequate picture of the virility of this story. One can only assert that few*



Floyd Gibbons Confesses

How Famous War Correspondent Strayed from Fold and was Re-converted

HELLO EVERYBODY: And make way, brothers, for a sinner. Confession is good for the soul. I was a barbarian taken into the fold, then a backslider that became lost in the wilderness and now stand here at the testimonial bench sincerely proclaiming my re-conversion.

Six presidential campaigns ago when Theodore Roosevelt was shot, I wrote a story about T. R. sitting on his hospital bed, placidly shaving with a Gillette razor, the while a would-be assassin's bullet was still imbedded in his shoulder.

The story won me my first safety razor. That first Gillette carried me through two rather tough bewhiskered campaigns in the Mexican revolution and was with me one night in 1917 when I was torpedoed in the North Atlantic. It still ought to be in Cabin 19 on the sunken Cunard liner *Laconia*, 200 miles off the Irish coast.

I landed in England with only a life preserver for baggage and in the rush to replenish toilet articles, a clerk in London sold me another kind of razor. I didn't like the substitute, but you know how people put up with anything in war time.

Well sir, I carried that chopper along with me through a series of wars all over the globe and even used it last year down in Africa when Mussolini's boys started their ruckus with Haile Selassie's subjects.

That hair puller was a hangover from world war days, proving that men are mostly creatures of habit and the habits are mostly bad. I had become accustomed to that scraper except for the fact that every year or so, I was forced to go bea-ver and grow a full crop of copper wire, simply to let my skin get back in shape.

Well sir, I'm reformed now. Several weeks ago I went through the Gillette plant in Boston and saw them turning out the new and up-to-date munitions of war for that every-morning conflict with man's greatest enemy, the stubbly chin.

I am back to the Gillette and the Gillette Blade after 19 years of dumb torture for which I have only myself to blame. I found the answer to painless shaves at the Gillette Safety Razor plant in Boston.

Here they take the world's finest steel, scientifically test and process it so that each blade is worth its weight in sheet platinum—worth more to me.

Apparently as much scientific care and skill are lavished on the Gillette Blade as in the production of a delicate spring for an astronomical chronometer.

And this blade is backed by years of experience, millions of dollars in research, and the reputation of an old-time pioneer organization, of which America can well be proud around the world.

Beavers of Habit, I give you Gillette.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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novels of our times have so completely constructed an entire way of life. . . . Gulbranssen sees deeply into his people and has made them universal. . . . It is with something like crusading passion that we pass along the good news. A modern classic has come out of the Norwegian forests."

DALLAS NEWS: *"I am glad it is my good fortune to be able to praise the book in the sound of the trumpet and upon the loud cymbals. . . . Because it is so simple and so wise 'Beyond Sing the Woods' is a novel to be reread, thought about and loved."*

* * *

So Long To Learn. By Doreen Wallace. 473 pp. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.)

Solution of the agricultural problem has eluded more than one gifted American novelist. In tackling English farm life, Miss Wallace has run into much the same difficulties. Her story of *Mary* and *Edward*, her husband, and *Justin*, her neighbor, is told under the dark clouds which seem to hang over the entire Western World.

Mary married a man twice her age because she was loyal to the farm of her father. In a spirit of commendable adventure, the two of them go about the business of wresting a living from the fertile fields of Suffolk. *Justin*, to soothe his shell-shock, takes a farm near-by. As *Justin* is nearer *Mary's* age, amatory complications set in.

But the real tale is the losing fight of the toiling yeomanry. *Mary's* husband, endowed with the more solid virtues attributed to the fabulous *John Bull*, perseveres in his faith in government. Westminster will provide; aid from London and crop limitation will woo Mother Ceres back from the fit of absent-mindedness into which she has fallen, allowing her children to languish. *Justin* is the side-line quarterback who comes to pray but remains to mock. *Mary* seems to be Miss Wallace herself as she weighs the faith of her husband against the cynicism of her neighbor.

In the end the older man loses his faith in leaders who may muddle through wars but who are unable to bluff the land. He leads the farmers in a revolt against the tithes, which recent press reports indicate is a timely conclusion.

Those who like an earthy novel well salted with economic problems will find "So Long To Learn" an absorbing novel.

Doreen Wallace: hers is an earthy novel

"Winsatz, The Hero": From the jacket design of "Choose a Bright Morning"

Critical Opinions—OMAHA WORLD-HERALD: *"It's a good tale . . . rates among the upper levels of novels which reveal something of the roots of life. Doreen Wallace ought to be a near best seller."*

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT: *". . . a compelling novel. Through the coming years there will be increasingly others dealing with similar subjects. Miss Wallace should be credited with being among the first to tackle so difficult a theme."*

FORT WAYNE NEWS-SENTINEL: *"Some thousands of American women . . . are going to get themselves all a-dither over this sub-Sparkenbrokian treatise on the dalliance and indecision of an English couple. . . . Maybe you care for that sort of thing. I don't!"*

HARTFORD TIMES: *"If any one thinks perchance that the agricultural situation in the United States, with its AAA . . ., is confusing and disturbing, or that the American farmer has a uniquely tough time, he would better read this English story of farming in Suffolk."*

* * *

Choose a Bright Morning. By Hillel Bernstein. 214 pp. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; $2.)

Keets Wilber, a *Don Quixote* mounted on a willing pocketbook, sighed ecstatically when *Winsatz, The Hero*, dedicated the citizens of Bidlo to the lives of heroes. An American millionaire who could well afford to satisfy his desire to worship *The Hero*, *Keets Wilber* had had sculptured in Paris a great statue of his idol and shipped it to Dornsatz, Capital of Bidlo. He thereupon embarked to kneel at the unveiling.

The American, however, had made a terrible mistake. He had neglected to hire a press agent. Not even a porter from the castle of *Winsatz, The Hero*, was at the station to meet him. And thereupon hangs a tale recalling Voltaire's "Candide," with all the modern fixings.

The Yankee Midas finally obtained an interview with *The Hero* and begged to be allowed to find new dragons to slay. He became a power behind the throne, a viewer with alarm and a pointer with pride in his adopted land. And for a while, Heroship boomed in Bidlo.

But inevitably there came the day when the dragon supply ran out, demanding that Yankee genius assert itself. *Keets Wilber* was equal to the challenge. Amidst mighty pomp, he went off to a concentration-camp to have the ability to think beaten out of himself. The result was astonishing.

Having learned the art of not thinking, the American came forth to find himself a rebel against *Winsatz, The Hero*.

Mr. Bernstein's book is made of critical nonsense which races heedlessly from sharp satire to rough-and-tumble burlesque. He has cashed in on the perplexed indecision now at large in the world and offers for his readers' amusement many of the follies in and out of a dictatorship.

Critical Opinions—PORTLAND (ORE.) JOURNAL: *"The ludicrous situations are so tempered by profundity that the League of Nations might profitably use this ironical exposé of political ambitions as a text-book. . . . Laugh and the book world laughs with you; weep and you have missed the most trenchant, subtly satirical novel of the year."*

CHICAGO TRIBUNE: *". . . satirizes the most expensive and expansive of the dictator shows. . . . While it is bright in spots, it has about it the dulness of satire gone flop."*

THE NEW YORKER: *"Not as funny as the author's 'L'Affaire Jones,' but worth reading as a kind of comic version of 'It Can't Happen Here.'"*

* * *

James T. Farrell, author of **"Studs Lonigan"** (Vanguard), has had come in from several fronts the distressing report that several dramatic versions of his novel are being offered. What hurts is that none of them is authorized.

* * *

Elliot Merrick, author of **"Ever the Winds Blow"** (Scribners), who turned from Yale, newspaper work, business and the Grenfell Mission in Labrador to run a Vermont farm, says he gets his best ideas while milking his contented cows.

* * *

John T. McIntyre, author of **"Steps Going Down,"** which won the U. S. $4,000 prize in the "All-Nations" competition sponsored by Farrar and Rinehart, the Literary Guild, Warner Brothers and eleven foreign publishers, began writing at the age of twenty for Philadelphia Sunday papers.

Best Sellers
Week Ending June 27

Fiction

Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, $2.75.)
The Doctor, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)
The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. (Scribner, $2.75.)
Sanfelice, by Vincent Sheean. (Doubleday Doran, $2.50.)
Clansmen, by Ethel Boileau. (E. P. Dutton, $2.50.)

Non-Fiction

Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande. (Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)
Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. (Stokes, $2.)
The Way of a Transgressor, by Negley Farson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)
Inside Europe, by John Gunther. (Harper, $3.50.)
North to the Orient, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.)

—From The Publishers' Weekly

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Current Poetry

VOICE OF FEAR

BY A. M. SULLIVAN

Hear what I say, now that the teeth of War
  Chatter again sharp syllables of doom—
War is a Fear made terrible, and the roar
  Of guns but craven voices in a room
So dark with hatred that the blind men kill
  Each other with the words of cowardice.
Our chronicles are written with the quill
  Of geese who shield their panic with a hiss
But leave their bodies at the evil feast.
  Jehovah, shout denial to the guns
Which say you let man prove himself the least
  Of all your creatures. Are these frightened sons
Not brothers to the Son Who spurned the sabre
  And bore the Cross because He loved His neighbor?

—*Old Castle Garden.*

VARIANT

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

You can pray in a crowd
  Or pray alone;
Gray rocks can make a spire
  Or a tombstone.
A tree may make a cross
  Or ceiling rafter;
A word can bring us tears
  Or welcome laughter.
And so in Life you make
  Or mar the whole,
By using hooves or wings
  To speed your soul.

—*Spirit.*

SOUL FOR TEARS

BY GROFF CONKLIN

What is it to be man? Sorrow's the clue.
The bird forgets the storm: but man is true
To pain; he never can forget his birth.

The worm forgets the anguishes of earth;
The hornéd butterfly forgets the woe
And wonder of her strange emerging throe.
But humankind can not forget its fears;
As long as there is ever soul for tears,
Man is a hurt—and an immortal being.

—*Poetry.*

EXIT

BY CARRIE FALL BENSON

They die ingenuously, the untried young;
A few amazed and fluttering breaths—
Their eyes look on infinity,
And they are Death's.

But oh, the old go fearfully;
Husbanding Life's long-cherished spark,
Whispering fierce denials of
The closing dark.

—*Kaleidograph.*

REVENGE

BY KINGSLEY TUFTS

I hated you because of what you said.
I offered you the loaf; you took the crust.
To pay you back I went hungry
For three days.

—*Shards.*

A. M. SULLIVAN, author of two books of poems and friend of poets, conducts a Poetry Hour over the radio. During the past three and a half years he has presented on the air more than one hundred and fifty American and foreign poets, including seven Pulitzer Prize winners

CHALICED

BY DOROTHY QUICK

I held love a chaliced thing
The shining plume of a blue bird's wing

The steady glow of an emerald's fire
The ultimate of all desire

I held it sacred and did not know
That the cup could spill that love could go.

—*Voices.*

SALLY BYNUM
charming newcomer to New York and Hollywood studios

ANITA COUNIHAN
voted New York's most popular model

They're telling you—

and who should know better than these beautiful models what tooth paste keeps teeth looking loveliest?

Anita Counihan, voted New York's most popular model, says:

"I find that Listerine Tooth Paste is the best dentifrice that I have ever used. It leaves the teeth so bright and luminous."

What says piquant Sally Bynum, a charming newcomer to the ranks of beautiful women in New York studios?

"The first thing a model has to learn is what dentifrice is best for her teeth—that is why I use Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so safe, so pleasant."

What finer praise could a dentifrice have than the approval of these young women, much of whose success depends on their teeth staying attractive!

Now there's a wonderful special bargain offer of Listerine Tooth Paste that no woman will want to miss. (See panel below.) Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Summer's Best Bargain!

MOIRE VACATION KIT

Rubber lined Glider lock Choice of colors

AND

25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

AND

DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH

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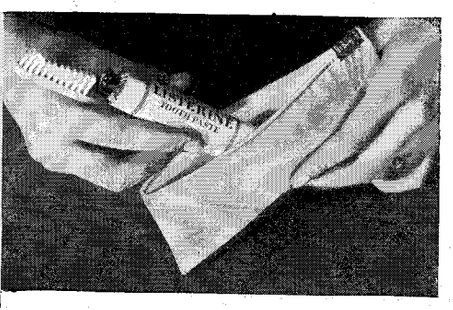

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KEEPING DOWN THE TIDE OF PROFANITY

New York Crusader Heads League and Distributes Cards

Because he dislikes profanity, A. S. Colborne distributes to swearers . . .

A bright yellow taxicab bearing an elderly ocean-bound traveler, skidded to the curb in front of a huge pier in New York one day last week. A blue-capped porter sprang to the running-board before the wheels had stopped turning.

"Look out! You blankety blank blank!" shrilled the driver. Into his hand along with the fare the passenger thrust a bit of cardboard.

"What the hell is this?" asked the driver, glancing at the card.

It read, "Please do not swear nor use obscene or profane language. Anti-Profanity League, Arthur S. Colborne, President." Mr. Colborne had again passed out one of the little cards with which he has been combating swearing for thirty-five years.

Aiding him in his work the President has 500 members of his league performing the service. Even in two foreign countries branches of his movement have sprung up. To one of these in Rome Mr. Colborne was bound last week.

The League President, stout, red-faced, with close-cropped graying mustache, is proud of the exhibition of heavy, gilt-framed pictures in the long, low-ceilinged shop in New York where he carries on his trade of picture-restoring and frame-making. He is following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather before him.

Cause Uppermost—And he enjoys the comforts of the adjoining apartment, finding it pleasant in the evening to puff his pipe and listen to his favorite radio program after puttering in his garden in the twilight. But even at sixty he does not stop to consider his own comfort when there is a chance to advance his pet cause.

When Mr. Colborne was young, like many another gay blade, he swore roundly. But as time went on, he grew more and more doubtful of the good taste of taking the Lord's name in vain. Finally, one day when he was seventeen, he broke down and "cried like a baby" when a cuss-word slipped past his lips.

Soon after, he heard a sermon on profanity which decided him once and for all. He resolved to do something to stop as much of the world's swearing as he could.

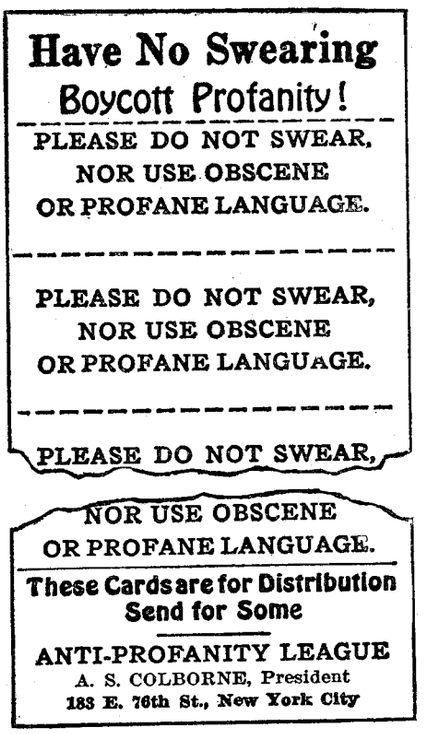
The something turned out to be the Anti-Profanity League, founded in 1901. This organization, with its 500 members, is supported almost entirely by Mr. Colborne's own funds. He it is who prints the cards which are sent to any one writing for them. The members of the League are bound politely to pass one of these cards to any one they hear using bad words. So far, none has received a blow in return.

Curbing Barrooms—Perhaps the most successful cards distributed by the League were those hung on the walls of New York's saloons before prohibition. These establishments used to take 8,000 a year in an attempt to halt profanity in front of and behind their bars. This part of the League's work halted during the dry era and has not been revived since Repeal.

Requests for thousands of the small hand-cards still come in, however. The high school boys of Yonkers started a run on them recently, with as many as fifty students writing in at one time. An executive at a big department store wrote in for cards, explaining that the girls of the store were using vile language.

During his foreign travels Mr. Colborne established two branches of the League in other countries. One is in Cuba. The other, which he will visit on his present trip, is in Italy. The King is Honorary President of this branch, and Mussolini is a member.

Il Duce has enthusiastically supported the work of eliminating swearing. In all public places, including railway-stations and street-cars, he has placed permanent tin signs forbidding profanity. Consequently the habit very nearly has been broken.



. . . red cards, which can be torn on the dotted lines and passed along to others

In the United States the common law and the statutes of nearly every State forbid blasphemy, but the rulings are almost never enforced. The laws do not apply, of course, to such substitutes for profanity as "gee whiz" and "dog-gone it!" These Mr. Colborne views with alarm. He plans to do something to halt their continual use over the radio. As for "hell" and "damn," while they are not actual profanity, he considers them degrading, insulting and vulgar.

Coadjutor—Mr. Colborne is not alone in his campaign against swearing. Up in Ware, Massachusetts, the Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, Pastor of the Congregational Church, conducts an antiprofanity league.

Years ago Mr. Sawyer was a Socialist. Now he is a Democratic politician and has for a generation represented Ware in the State Legislature at Boston. He is a persistent worker for his constituents.

In the Catholic Church, the Holy Name Society carries on the work of keeping sacred the name of God. This organization has for its purpose the halting of the "tendency to speak lightly of God and his Saints." It dates back to a letter of Pope Gregory X in 1274, in which he urged reverence for the "name above all names." The movement progressed, and altars were built in honor of the name of God in all churches.

Plague Conquered—Then in 1432 a great plague was laying waste all Lisbon. Bishop Diaz urged the people to put their trust in the power of the name of the Savior and join the organization to make the name loved and honored. Many joined, and in a short time the city was freed from the scourge. On the following January 1, the members of the new society assembled to give thanks for their deliverance, and the statutes of the organization were drawn up.

Part of the work of Mr. Colborne's group has been to prevent the use of profanity in plays on Broadway. Twenty-five years ago it engineered the removal of two bits of profanity from "The City," by Clyde Fitch.

Recently the group heard that "Tobacco Road," now in its third year on Broadway, is studded with profanity. Mr. Colborne was unable to get tickets for three months because of the crowds attending.

When finally he succeeded, he squirmed during the entire show. By actual count, the name of the Deity was mentioned forty times. He tried to take action to clean up the production but ran up against a stone wall. Furious, Mr. Colborne permitted himself his one expletive.

"Oh! The Dickens!" he exploded.

ARMY OF EXILES: Jews Leave Hitler's Germany, Seek Asylum in Troubled World

Every week, down the gangplanks of transatlantic liners warped into New York's docks, troop long lines of glum-faced, homeless Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany, reenacting the tragic exodus of the Tribes of Israel.

Victims of race persecution, they have been straggling in in batches since Chancellor Hitler came to power in January, 1933. No fewer than 1,858 had arrived by July, 1934. Another 1,519 set foot in America in 1935. In the first four months

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of this year, 1,567 landed. A fortnight ago the United States liner *Washington* debarked 150.

Last week's newcomers, swelling in numbers, jabbered of fears of a new anti-Semitic drive which will send myriads more flocking overseas, soon after the Olympic Games in Berlin in August.

Part of the 80,000 Jewish and Christian refugees in all countries, they had 30,000 of their ill-fated brethren in France, many now dispersed elsewhere; 6,000 in The Netherlands and 5,000 in Czechoslovakia. South America, South Africa and Palestine absorbed nearly 40,000.

The majority of the exiles reaching the United States are young or of middle age; *bourgeois*-looking small merchants, stolid craftsmen, commercial agents, gangling clerks, with dreamy eyes and set jaws. Approximately 20 per cent. are professional workers—lawyers, doctors, teachers, chemists, scientists. Many have only a strain of Jewish blood—the border-line "non-Aryans." Among them also are Christians: members of outlawed political parties, trade-union leaders, dissident intellectuals, or the husbands or wives of Jews.

Ordinary alien immigrants, these exiles enter the country under the regular German quota—25,975, to-day only one-fifth filled because of depressed conditions in both Germany and the United States.

Personal Treasures—Some bring with them rare paintings, valuable antiques, silver and other household possessions; but little else beyond personal effects, goods for consumption and implements of trade, including manufacturing machinery under stringent regulations.

Time was when they would land with the ten marks ($4) in cash they were allowed to take out of the country; to-day they can not leave with a *pfennig*, due, the German authorities say, to bad currency conditions. They may, however, depart with foreign securities to the value of 1,000 marks, provided they do not buy them on the eve of departure.

All of their other property and savings (after buying their tickets) are impounded by the Government in so-called "blocked accounts," held in trust until the day economic circumstances permit their release to the owners. If the exiles flee the country illegally, a tax of 25 per cent. is imposed on their holdings.

Hence, these impoverished political refugees must resort to friends or relatives in the United States to get out. These persons give evidence of their own ability to support the prospective immigrants by sending to the consular authorities in Germany affidavits accompanied by personal bank statements, income tax or real estate tax receipts, or letters from employers. Neither they nor refugee welfare organizations here send money, as it can not be brought back, anyway.

Americanization—Unlike the German Jewish immigrants of the nineteenth century, these newcomers hate to burn their bridges completely. Vaguely, they hope some day to return, but meanwhile expect to assume full responsibilities in their adopted land. Almost 90 per cent. of them, therefore, hit straight for the naturalization office upon landing in New York.

Since they prepared their leave-taking in typical methodical German fashion, the exiles have arrived with everything in order, and they usually are passed by the authorities and reach the piers just like other travelers.

Tho they had been able to buy only their passage across, they are hardly distinguishable in appearance from the ordinary passengers. Many of them know how to speak English. Those that don't face no immediate hardship, for all of the emigrés are met at the gang-plank by friends, relatives, or representatives of the National Coordinating Committee for Aid to German Refugees. Non-sectarian, this organization advises the kith and kin of the newcomers on obtaining visas, and follows through its work in this country.

More than half of the refugees stay on the Eastern Seaboard; those who head for the South, the Midwest or the Northeast settle with friends or relatives in small towns. But wherever they go, they do not cluster into small racial communities, and they refrain from fostering German culture to the detriment of America's. Such clubs—athletic, musical and dramatic—as they do form are for social purposes only.

Sorrowful Elders—While the youth often flash the pioneer spirit, the old are despondent. In their eyes is the look of the exile who knows he will not die in his fatherland. The middle-aged professional men, exuding Old World culture, are skeptical, as they drearily look back on the reputations they made in Germany.

The Emergency Committee for Displaced Scholars and the Emergency Committee for Displaced Physicians, both with headquarters in New York, are active in helping some of these men find places in universities, hospitals, laboratories and offices.

The psychological effect on the emigrés is, however, greater than economic. A German judge, for example, enrolled in an accounting course at a large university. Like him, hundreds find it impossible to overcome the realization that, however eminently useful they once had been, they have been kicked out of their fatherland. According to welfare societies, the Christian emigrés feel this effect more than the others.

Glad of Freedom—All of the newcomers are most pleased by the absolute freedom of speech and action they now enjoy, according to officials of the National Coordinating Committee for Aid to German Refugees. They praised the exiles' courage and denied that the country was being flooded by German immigrants. "They are carefully selected by representatives of the Department of State and are assets rather than liabilities," they said.

Fearing new outbreaks against the relatives and friends of these and other refugees elsewhere, powerful Jewish organizations in America and Europe are studying the rehabilitation of large numbers more of German Jews abroad.

Among these is the World Jewish Congress, which opens in Geneva on August 8. Thirty-two nations are expected to send representatives, including the United States. Dr. Stephen S. Wise is President.

"The position among German Jews today is such," said Sir Herbert Samuel, famous British Jewish leader active in this work, "that the whole of the younger generation feel that they have no hope there.

"They feel that all chance of an honorable future is closed to them, and their parents feel that their children can not be brought up in that atmosphere of prejudice, insult, contumely and ostracism.

"A few months ago the younger generation of Jews in Germany was anxious to stay and face it out as best they could. Now they are anxious to leave."

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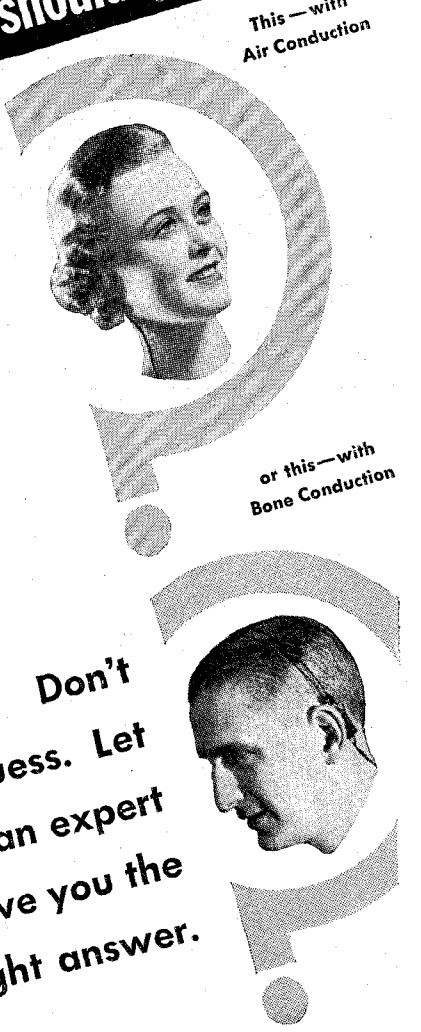

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It's "The Mercury," N. Y. Central's "Train of To-Morrow"

Next Wednesday, *The Mercury*, the New York Central System's "Train of To-morrow," as smooth and sleek as a wet muskrat, will begin scooting over the 170 miles between Cleveland and Detroit, *via* Toledo, in 170 minutes.

Two whistles—a regular steam-whistle and a special air-whistle with a distinctive musical tone—will tell residents along the line that "The Train of To-morrow" is here to-day. A completely stream-lined seven-car articulated unit in gray and silver, pulled by a stream-lined steam locomotive with highly polished rods and triple driving-wheels lit at night by flood-lights, *The Mercury* is the New York Central's answer to the concept that a train can be as luxurious as a Park Avenue club—and as comfortable, too—with its utility unimpaired.

From snub prow to ovoid stern, the new train is custom-made. Gone is the hard green plush, reeking of coal-dust, and precise, angular geometry of red mahogany chairs and seats. Instead, there are tans, blues, reds, greens and browns, in striped or checked leather.

Railway Innovations—Here are ten *Mercury* high-lights:

1. No more narrow, stuffy, drab vestibules that make travelers feel unwelcome. *The Mercury's* are semicircular. Coupled together, they give a rotunda effect, spacious and cheerful, with aluminum and gray painted walls and scarlet doors.

2. All cars—arrangement of furniture and division of space—give a sense of roominess and width.

3. Furniture is arranged in groups to give a feeling of informality and hospitality while avoiding monotony.

4. The long narrow coach-aisle has been broken in the center of the car by four comfortable facing armchairs, with tables in between.

5. The long rows of Pullman seats are gone. Instead, the parlor-car has large movable easy-chairs with occasional tables, lamps, ash-trays, and magazines at convenient intervals.

6. *The Mercury's* only compartment is in the center of the parlor-car. This gives best riding qualities to those paying most for their tickets, also breaking the car into two well-proportioned rooms.

7. There's no kitchen in the diner—it's in the next car, so there's no heat or odor of cooking. There's a waiting-room at one end of the diner with a comfortable couch for six.

8. The diner is divided into three sections by large double plate-glass partitions between which fresh flowers grow. Bright and cheerful tans and blues lend a gay, café touch.

9. The center dining space has built-in bench seats accommodating two people each at ten semicircular tables. All china, glass and silver is specially designed.

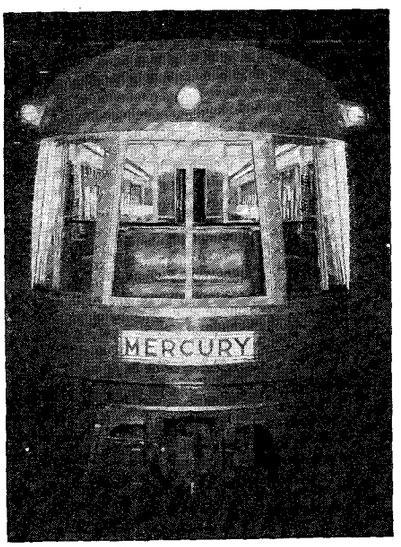
10. The furniture in the all-glass-enclosed observation-car has been put in the center, facing out, so travelers can observe the landscape.

Clear Atmosphere—Even with the windows of the fully air-conditioned *Mercury* open, cinders can't get in the traveler's eyes, for smoke and gas are forced high into the air. At speeds above thirty miles an hour (top speed is eighty), the train already has passed by the time the smoke descends.

In planning *The Mercury*, Henry Dreyfuss, grade A industrial designer, junked precedent and tradition. He wanted a heavy steam-train having the look of other contemporaries—new sky-scrapers, smart restaurants, modern yachts and stream-lined ocean-liners.

His view-point toward his now booming profession is briefly this: Manufacturers must call in an outsider when it comes to appearances. He has been at industrial designing since its tenderest day and has worked through its various stages.

Thirty-two, he used to be a stage-designer. He glows with enthusiasm when he looks at *The Mercury*, but he's just as thrilled by small things he has done—stream-lined five-and-ten-cent kitchen-utensils, for example.



Henry Dreyfuss Photos

The latest in stream-lined trains: the observation-car and day coach of "The Mercury"

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Off-Side

Nemesis for Motor—A buffalo escaped from a rodeo at Yankton, South Dakota, and crashed head-on into an automobile. The buffalo wasn't fazed, but it cost $50 to fix the car.

* * *

Slow, but Sure—The Congregational Church of Goffstown, New Hampshire, was built ninety-one years ago, but never had a wedding until this year. Old settlers are wondering if the lightning will strike twice.

* * *

Simplified Chinese—While U. S. drought victims wait for relief from Washington, China rushes to their rescue. Scientists of the Far East have created a forty-letter word for dust-storms. It's pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanisis.

* * *

Profitable Illiteracy—Proprietors of a Rochester, New York, bowling-alley want to know what to do about burglars who can't read. They hung up a sign reading "This safe does not contain money," but yeggmen got away with $1,100.

* * *

Hunger-Trained—Nikola Miltschitsch, a hungry and unemployed Yugoslav, must be the envy of every WPA worker. He won 200 dinar (about $4.40) by consuming forty fried eggs, two pounds of bread, and a pint of wine in twenty minutes.

* * *

Golfing Squirrel—Note for golf duffers: At Saratoga Springs, New York, a red squirrel picked up a ball John F. Baer had just chipped out of the rough, carried it to the green. Baer, who had been expecting a five, made the 361-yard hole in three.

* * *

Subway Palliative—The newest thing in animated cartoons is a Londoner's scheme to paint them on the subway walls and let the strap-hangers do the moving. The illusion of being in a movie theater is heightened every time some one steps on your foot.

* * *

Stinging out Pain—Here's one that beats the fellow who hit himself over the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he stopped. A Los Angeles woman, awakening frequently with a pain in her leg, gets one of her bees to sting her on the affected spot. She says it relieves the pain.

* * *

Boom in Mendicancy—The begging business is good in Hungary, if one can judge by two advertisements in a Budapest newspaper:

> Nice dress to be exchanged for a pair of strong but shabby crutches. Inquire of mendicant at Andrassy and Izavella Sts.
>
> In the provinces. Busy town. Near Church. Beggar's stand to be sold for cash. No agents.

* * *

Torture Signals—Frantic because he couldn't tell the dentist to ease up, because the latter's fist was in his mouth, an ingenious Londoner invented a signal system. The patient holds an electric switch. From a box on his shoulder, red, amber and green lights flash "stop," "caution" and "go" to the torturer. Begun as a joke, the device has become as much a fixture of dentists' offices as ancient copies of funny magazines.

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Check Size Below								Check Size Below							
(3)	(3½)	(4)	(4½)	(5)	(5½)			(5½)	(6)	(6½)	(7)	(7½)	(8)		
(6)	(6½)	(7)		(7½)	(8)			(8½)	(9)	(9½)	(10)	(10½)	(11)		

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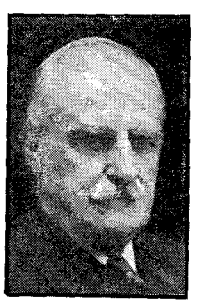

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Parade

"After the World War a citizen of the United States of America, **John D. Rockefeller, Jr.**, contributed by his magnificent liberality to restore the Palace of Versailles, the Palaces of Trianon, their gardens, the Cathedral of Rheims and the Château of Fontainebleau. In inscribing here the name of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Government of the Republic wishes to show the gratitude of the French people. 1924-1936."

Acme

Anita Loos: Gentlemen don't prefer blondes

Bearing this inscription in gold letters, a tablet was unveiled near the main doors of Versailles Palace last week. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., members of his family, **Jesse Isidor Straus**, the American Ambassador to France, and a host of French dignitaries attended the ceremony.

The occasion marked the first official visit of Mr. Rockefeller to France since he started contributing to the restoration of French monuments. To date he has given 60,000,000 francs for this purpose.

On the same evening, in further recognition of his gifts, the American philanthropist received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from **President Albert Lebrun** at the Palais de l'Elysée in Paris.

When he returns to Versailles the next time, the name of the Place d'Armes—the great square in front of Versailles Palace—will be changed to the Place John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

* * *

On both coasts, film actresses figured in weddings. In Armonk, New York, **Corinne Griffith**, star of silent films, married **George Preston Marshall**, millionaire sportsman and laundry magnate of Washington. In Lower California **Myrna Loy** married **Arthur Hornblow, Jr.**, film producer. . . . Arriving back in Hollywood, **Anita Loos**, author, announced that "the country's facing a famine in blondes—they've all become redheads or gone brownette." Of girls in New York she declared: "There isn't one there pretty enough to get a job as a waitress in a Hollywood restaurant."

* * *

Two former Under Secretaries have been chosen by their respective Governments as Ambassadors. **William Phillips**, Under Secretary of State, will succeed Breckinridge Long as American Ambassador to Italy, and **Fulvio Suvich**, former Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, will succeed **Augusto Rosso** as Italian Ambassador to the United States.

* * *

William C. Bullitt, Ambassador to Russia, will represent President Roosevelt at the Patrick Henry Bicentennial celebration at Hanover Court House, Virginia, next week. Mr. Bullitt, at present on leave, is a lineal descendant of Annie Henry, sister of Patrick Henry. . . . Also on her annual vacation in this country is **Ruth Bryan Owen**, American Minister to Denmark.

* * *

For the first time in twenty-five years, no American débutantes will curtsey at the English court this summer. Because of the mourning for King George, the receptions are limited, and invitations will be issued only to members of the diplomatic corps. . . . Changing another custom, **King Edward VIII** decreed that Yeomen of his Bodyguard may shave their beards. . . . Flying from Puerto Rico to Langley Field, Virginia, **Major General Frank R. McCoy** set a new world distance and straight-line record for amphibian planes. The flight, without refueling, covered 1,425 miles.

* * *

Secretary Morgenthau awarded members of the Treasury Correspondents Association in Washington the Dutchess County Order of the Raspberry in retaliation for their having worn Landon Sunflowers at a recent press conference. . . . Tom, a mule, 6 feet 7 inches high and weighing between 2,300 and 2,400 pounds, has been offered to the Democratic National Committee for campaign purposes by **Harry E. Hensen**, Lincoln, Nebraska, farmer. . . . Pouring down half a gallon of beer in nineteen seconds, **Ray Du Val** of Green Bay, Wisconsin, won the world's championship for high-speed drinking in Milwaukee. . . . "The best way to remain cool in summer is to be emotionally calm," advises **Dr. Louise Stanley**, Chief of the Bureau of Home Economics in Washington.

* * *

For writing the song "Over There" during the World War, **George M. Cohan** wins a gold medal from the United States Government. . . . **Joe Novak**, Hollywood golf pro, declares **Katharine Hepburn** "the best woman golfer" in the movie colony. . . . The **Hawkins Family** held a second reunion at Stony Brook, Long Island. All members are descendants of Robert and Mary Hawkins, who landed at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1635.

A leading motion picture magazine editor and publisher, **Capt. Roscoe Fawcett**, forty-nine, died in Rochester, Minn. Before entering the magazine field, Fawcett had a distinguished career in the Army. He trained the 142d United States Air Squadron at San Diego and took the bombing division overseas in March, 1918.

* * *

Monsig. Frank J. Monaghan, President of Seton Hall College, was elevated to the rank of Bishop in the Roman Catholic Church. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Thomas J. Walsh in the uncompleted Sacred Heart Cathedral in Newark. . . . Accompanied by four car-loads of prelates and Vatican police, **Pope Pius XI** arrived at his summer palace at Castel Gandolfo, Italy.

* * *

John William Dodsworth, former President and Editor of *The Journal of Commerce* of New York, died at seventy-nine. . . . At the home of her son, George Palmer Putnam, in North Hollywood, California, **Mrs. John Bishop Putnam** died at seventy-nine. Her daughter-in-law, **Amelia Earhart**, was at her bedside. . . . **Bernard Smith**, eighty, superintendent of the New York Stock Exchange Building for more than sixty-two years, died in Brooklyn. . . . **Count Charles de Lasteyrie**, former Minister of Finance in France, died at fifty-nine. . . . About to appear in a new film, **A. E. Anson**, fifty-five, British actor, died suddenly in Monrovia, California.

* * *

"In your person we welcome the American Army and the American nation," said Henri Truchy in welcoming **Gen. John J. Pershing** into the company of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of France. . . . After being out of touch for twelve days, **Sir Hubert Wilkins** wirelessed the position of his ship as 1,600 miles northeast of New York, bound for Norway. . . . A 4,000-acre tract of virgin timber in North Carolina has been dedicated to the late **Joyce Kilmer**, author of the poem "Trees."

Acme

Wide World

Dining: Corinne Griffith, as she appeared in a silent film (left), and after leaving the screen (right)

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Sport and Sportsmen

FORTH TO WAR: America's Athletes Take Ship for Berlin Olympic Games

With the huzzahs of loyal non-combatants and the grudging admonitions of conscientious objectors ringing in their ears, a crack battalion of American troopers will embark from New York City next Wednesday for the most formidable athletic wars of their careers: the Eleventh Olympic Games at Berlin, Germany, from August 1 to 16.

Aboard their transport, the *S. S. Manhattan* of the United States Lines, the 400 athletes, like cadets "cramming" for a final examination in tactics, will try to maintain the mental and physical peak they developed during a hectic, devil-take-the-hindmost training campaign.

Runners who set world records on familiar cinder tracks during the past four years will jog around the lurching, 200-yard, holystoned sun-deck. Champion swimmers, dangling at the end of harnesses fastened around their midriffs, will theoretically thrash to new triumphs in the *Manhattan's* small pool.

Boxers, wrestlers, oarsmen, basketball players, fencers—each one a champion—will train morning and afternoon during the eight-day voyage. Even the gymnasts will work out on deck equipment, except for specialists on the flying rings: it wouldn't do to lose a potential Olympic gymnastic champion overboard.

Maintaining that peak of competitive perfection during the ocean trip is all-important. For at Berlin's gigantic Reich Sport Field this summer, America's Olympic team will have to do better than best against more than 5,000 men and women athletes from fifty-two or more nations.

Scores of Flags—Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, England, France, Japan, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Costa Rica, Mexico, Peru, Philippine Islands, Uruguay, Bermuda, Greece, Egypt, Afghanistan, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Bulgaria, China, Colombia, Denmark, Estonia, Haiti, Holland, British India, Jamaica, Iceland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Malta, Latvia, Liechtenstein, Luxemburg, Monaco, New Zealand, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Sweden, Spain, South Africa and Turkey have entered teams.

And there is a possibility that Guatemala, Panama, Puerto Rico, Honduras, Nicaragua and San Salvador will send along representatives to the "biggest athletic show in history."

Proportionate to their numerical representation at Berlin, competing nations have made the most elaborate preparations for any Olympiad since the modern series started in 1896. As usual, the largest headache descended upon the host, Germany.

Germany's ticklish task of being "at home" to the athletic League of Nations struck complications soon after the last Olympic torch flickered out at Los Angeles in 1932. Aroused by Hitler's discrimination against Jews, many Americans blasted the 1936 Games as Nazi political propaganda, and urged non-participation.

When their indignant protests failed, wealthy American Jews and Catholics withdrew their customary financial support and

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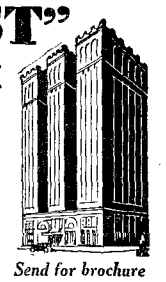

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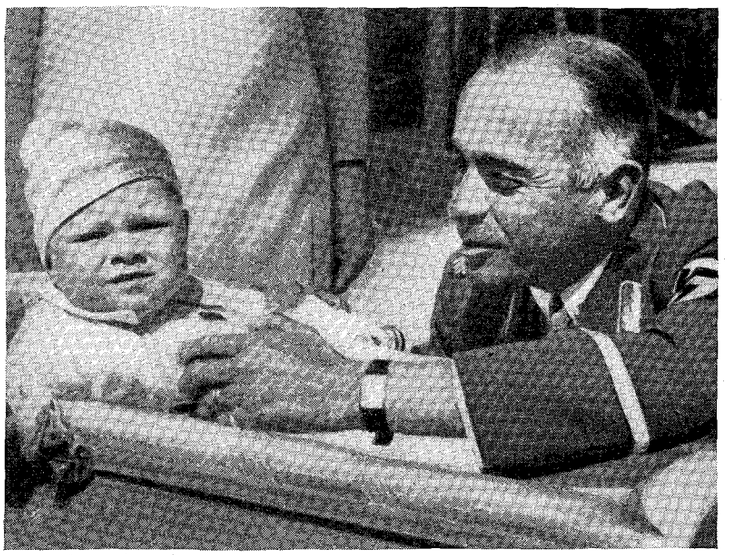

Ullstein Photo

Photo from European; all others from Black Star

Hans von Schammer und Osten, "Fuehrer" of German sports, meets a possible star of the Olympics of 1956, while (right) German railroad officials learn English and other foreign languages, in preparation for the Olympics of 1936 . . .

Bildbericht Photo

Wehner Photo

. . . another official prepares the torch which runners will carry from Athens to Berlin, arriving in time to light the Olympic torch and (right) workers manufacture flags for the occasion . . .

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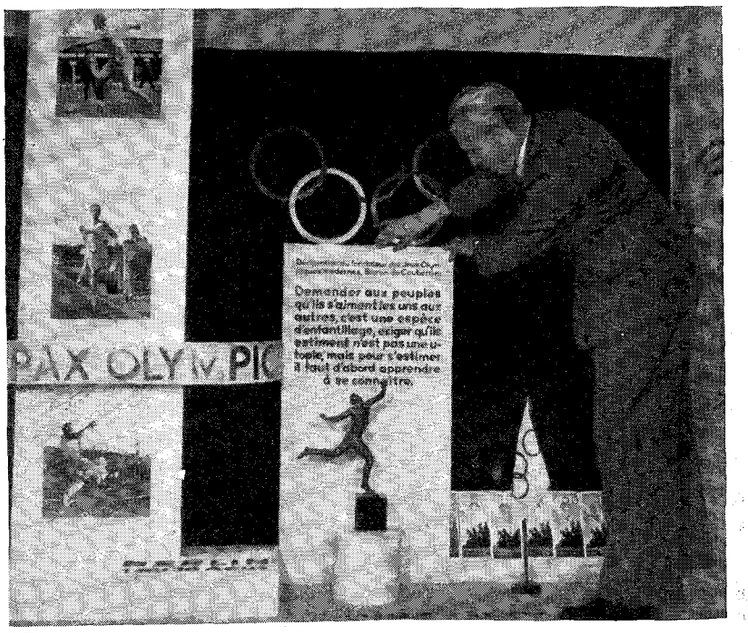

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. . . the technical director examines the equipment for the games, including thirty soccer balls, 150 javelins, and 400 starting-blocks; (right) publicity directors construct window-displays in all languages, to tell the world that the 1936 Olympics are about to begin

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wishfully predicted the Olympics would be a flop.

Tactfully assuring the world they would not violate the Olympic ideal of sportsmanship, would not discriminate against athletes of any religion, German officials industriously continued their business of ballyhooing the Games and building the most extravagant array of fields and stadia ever constructed for an Olympiad.

Instead of being a box-office flop, the 1936 Games were virtually a sell-out three months ago. Of the 3,500,000 available tickets, ranging in price from forty cents for single admission to one event to $40 for a pass to all events, agents have sold more than 3,000,000. For the Tenth Olympics at Los Angeles in 1932, spectators bought slightly more than 1,000,000 tickets and passes.

Visitors at Play—To prepare for the half-million foreigners who will drink their beer, listen to their concerts, and patronize their art-galleries in the evenings, Berlin city fathers have commissioned thousands of private homes as official boarding-houses.

Visitors of the same nationality can live together in so-called Olympic Colonies in the western part of Berlin, the Lietzensee district being set aside for the 12,000 or more American tourists. Possibly mindful of cut-throat prices accompanying athletic events in this country, officials have put their *verboten* on nightly tariffs exceeding $2.46.

Starting at the historic Lustgarten in the heart of Berlin, the *via triumphalis* to the gigantic Reich Sport Field sweeps nearly ten miles along the shaded Unter den Linden, through the massive Brandenburg Gate and the Tiergarten, and thence along the so-called Heer Strasse, to the main entrance to the Olympic grounds.

On what was formerly part of the Grunewald, 4,100 workmen have labored two solid years at full time on a 325-acre *Reichssportfeld* capable of holding 700,000 spectators in its huge playing-fields and stadia. Under Army direction, they put in place 3,000 wagon-loads of stone, masonry and marble.

"Don't Cross the Track"—With characteristic German attention to detail, engineers dug tunnels under the running track in the main stadium to prevent absent-minded athletes or spectators from colliding with participants in a crucial race. To enliven proceedings in the swimming stadium, they sank glass windows in the floor of the pool to give visitors a fish's eye view of the events.

From the subterranean broadcasting station deep under the main stadium, German and foreign announcers will make thirty direct broadcasts and forty-two record transcriptions simultaneously during the Games. If any one has the patience to listen to all the records, 40,000 of them, after the Games are over, he will have to give up eight hours a day for nine months, officials estimate.

Even more typical of the elaborate lengths to which Germany has gone in its effort to make the Games a smash hit is the amazing attempt it has made to develop individual Olympic champions. Germany has never fared too well in the Games. No German athlete has ever won first place in any track or field event.

Main force behind Germany's determined bid for Olympic recognition is a hard-driving, forty-nine-year-old Army officer, Capt. Hans von Tschammer und Osten, Minister of State for Sports.

Three years ago Von Tschammer was commissioned to reorganize German sports and gymnastics. He asked for four years in which to eliminate random and organized athletic groups and bring them into one organization, the *Reichsbund für Leibesuebungen*, or Reich Sport Association.

He accomplished the transformation in almost half that time. Last January Hitler established the *Reichsbund*. In April he created the *Reichssportamt*, or Reich Ministry of Sport, and appointed his old friend Von Tschammer the first *Reichssportfuehrer*, with practically unlimited power over more than 4,000,000 active and 2,000,000 semiactive members of the Bund.

Von Tschammer, a tall, powerfully-built Saxon of ancient family, stands for no nonsense in German athletic circles. An adjutant in Belgium during the World War and an early associate of Hitler, the Captain typifies, from his close-clipped, graying, blond hair to his immaculate, mirror-like boots, the stern regimentation of *Der Fuehrer's* régime.

Germans religiously read his book on sports regimentation, "Kraft der Freude," listen raptly to his fiery lectures on red-blooded, supervised sports, and obey his commands without question.

For some reason, possibly because America has placed more winners than any other nation since 1896, Olympic track and field sports grab more space in American newspapers than any other feature of the Games. Under Olympic rules, each sport is rated on the same basis, and each champion receives the same award.

Pick Your Own Skill—There are nineteen sports, involving 116 team and individual contests, on the 1936 Olympic program: track and field, wrestling, modern pentathlon, fencing, field-hockey, weight lifting, yachting, rifle and pistol shooting, cycling, swimming, boxing, gymnastics, rowing, horseback riding, soccer football, polo, basketball, field-handball and canoeing.

Of the twenty-three track and field events, none requires greater versatility than the decathlon, first won for the United States by Jim Thorpe, renowned Indian athlete, in the 1912 Games at Stockholm. Thorpe's championship was revoked subsequently when Olympic officials discovered he had played semiprofessional baseball the preceding year.

In the decathlon, an athlete must be a specialist in ten events: the 100, 400, and 1,500-meter runs, the 110-meter high hurdles, shot put, broad jump, discus, high jump, pole vault, and javelin throw. America's hope this year is Glenn Morris, a twenty-four-year-old automobile salesman from Denver, Colorado. Two weeks ago Morris set a new world record by scoring 7,880 points in the final Olympic decathlon tryouts at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Survivors of the modern pentathlon pooh-pooh the notion that the decathlon is a rigorous test of endurance. Take their sport, for instance. Now, that's really something.

First, a 5,000-meter cross-country gallop over fourteen dangerous hurdles and ditches on a strange horse. Then, a free-for-all slashing bout with dueling swords. After that, a rapid-fire pistol shooting contest at twenty-five meters. Next, a 300-meter swimming race. And, finally, a 4,000-meter cross-country run up and down hills, over stone walls, and through swamps, guided only by flags.

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REPORT ON FINANCING OF NEW DEAL

Morgenthau Pictures National Income and Outgo, Record Debt

"The Government of the United States is your business," declared Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., in a nation-wide radio talk to the public last week. "You are its stockholders."

On this professed business basis, he proceeded to discuss the Government's financial condition for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1935, and ending June 30, 1936. While his hurriedly gathered figures did not quite jibe with a later official Treasury report, they were sufficiently close to reveal that, except during the War years, the Government had never spent so much before in any twelve months; that the year's deficit had risen to the highest level in peace-time history; that the public debt had reached a staggering figure.

Mr. Morgenthau spoke with confidence and with little apology, altho he knew that his figures would provide campaign fodder for the Republicans, and he ended on a reassuring note.

"We may derive real encouragement and satisfaction from these facts," he said. "National income is rising; as a result, Federal revenue is increasing; Federal expenditures are on the decline, and the nation's business is continuing to show steady improvement."

Financial Chart—This was the financial picture he presented for the fiscal year:

Income, $4,116,000,000: These receipts soared $316,000,000 above the inflow for 1935, notwithstanding the loss of an expected $444,000,000 as a result of the Supreme Court's overthrow of the AAA processing taxes. But income fell $295,000,000 below President Roosevelt's January forecast.

Revenue figures represent in the main income taxes of corporations and individuals, which rose 30 per cent. to $1,426,000,000, and miscellaneous internal revenue, which jumped 20 per cent. to $2,010,000,000. Customs receipts of $387,000,000 rose 12 per cent.

Expenditures, $8,880,000,000: This figure reveals that the Government spent about a dollar for every forty-six cents it collected, or about $2.16 for each dollar it took in. The Secretary deducted $403,000,000 used to retire debt under sinking fund requirements, and on its sharp increase he partly blamed early payment of the veterans' bonus, amounting to $1,673,000,000.

Subtracting these items, the remainder breaks down into $3,500,000,000 for the ordinary expenses of running the Government and $3,300,000,000 for recovery and relief. In the latter category direct relief cost just under half a billion; large permanent public works under the emergency program took 800 million; work relief in the form of smaller public works cost about a billion and a quarter, and nearly half a billion went for CCC camps. Aid to home owners and miscellaneous expenses ate up another 250 million.

Year's Deficit, $4,764,000,000: This difference between gross income and expenditures appears in red ink for the sixth successive year; before that the Government had shown surpluses for a ten-year period. It surpasses last year's figure by nearly $1,200,000,000, and the previous high peace-time deficit of 1934 by $774,000,000.

Record Obligations—Government Debt, $33,779,000,000: The highest ever recorded at the end of a fiscal year, this figure tops last year's total by about $5,000,000,000, and the 1919 War peak by more than $8,000,000,000. It represents about $266 for each member of the country's estimated population of 127,000,000.

The Treasury chief took an inventory, checking assets of $8,750,000,000 against the debt. These included the Treasury's cash in hand of $2,700,000,000 and the stabilization fund of $2,000,000,000, with the remainder in obligations due from States, cities, banks and other borrowers. Most of this amount, he said, would ultimately be available for debt retirement. And he crowed about the average rate of interest the Treasury pays on its loans, which has dropped nearly 25 per cent. during the past three years. This reduction, he said, means a yearly saving of more than $260,000,000.

Editorial Comment—The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) decided that if all of the assets listed as offsets to the national debt were going to be applied to the reduction of the debt, Mr. Morgenthau would have a good case. "But the fact is," this paper continued, "that the $2,700,000,000 in the general fund has not been accumulated to apply on the debt," but "to spend."

"The quarrel of the sober citizen is not with the fact of a deficit in itself," noted the Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Dem.). "Deficits began under President Hoover, and were to be expected during the depression. But the trend is toward larger deficits instead of smaller. The country has come a long way toward recovery, and the deficits are not tapering off. That is the really grave feature of Mr. Morgenthau's report."

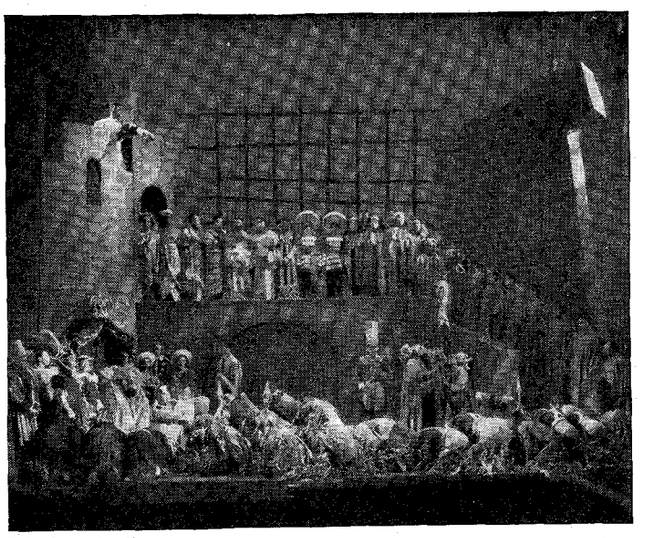
"Rich as America is in material and human resources, it can not go this pace indefinitely," the *Arkansas Gazette* (Little Rock; Ind.-Dem.) declared. "The fact that an unparalleled economic and social emergency forced the United States into the situation where it stands should not lessen our realization that no nation, even the greatest and wealthiest, can afford to acquire the deficit habit or become deficit-tolerant, as a victim of narcotic drugs becomes tolerant of a poison."

"The relief charge remains the old man of the sea riding one budget after another into the red," the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot* (Ind.-Dem.) said. "Here is the nation's principal budgetary problem. In a progressive reabsorption of the workless in self-sustaining employment lies the only real hope of ending the deficit period before it ends the Government's ability to borrow."

Ray of Optimism—From Utah came a more cheerful note. "Morgenthau's statement that, without the soldier bonus payment, the excess of expenditures over receipts for the fiscal year just ended is only $2,700,000,000, is highly gratifying," remarked the Salt Lake City *Deseret News* (Ind.). "This, with the fact that expenditures are decreasing and receipts increasing, gives real cause for encouragement."

"One thing is certain," decided the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), "and that is that it will be a good deal easier to retire the Roosevelt Administration from office at the polls in November, than it will be

Wide World



Federal Theatre Photo

The CCC and the theater project of the WPA—two outlets for the billions of dollars expended during the past year by the Federal Government

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to retire a National debt already stated in astronomical figures."

Noting that recovery in Great Britain under a virtually balanced budget has been more rapid than in the United States, the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) said that "meanwhile, in this country, the habit of extravagant spending has been established, and the bill remains to be paid in high taxes and higher cost of living."

"Secretary Morgenthau tries to excuse the public debt and deficit figures in one way or another," the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.-Rep.) derided, "but they are not excused and they are inexcusable. . . . The money has gone in an infinite number of fantastic experiments, in recklessly wasteful methods of administration."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) asserted "there are about as many varieties of New Deal bookkeeping as there are canned goods . . . Mr. Morgenthau has had his say in defense of the terrific cost of the New Deal . . . But the net effect of the roseate picture he painted is to remind the taxpayers of the quantities of red ink splashed over the Treasury's books during the last three and a half years."

"The construction that Secretary Morgenthau puts on the state of the Government's finances at the beginning of the new fiscal year," the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) asserted, "reminds one of Burke's phrase, 'A pindaric bookkeeper, an arithmetician in the clouds.' Mr. Roosevelt was horrified to have inherited a deficit of $1,200,000,000 for the fiscal year 1933. But his own deficit for the year just closed is tossed off with the greatest ease."

CHINESE MONEY-LORDS:

Oriental Bank Opens New York Agency to Stimulate Trade

In a flower-bedecked suite of offices last week in the Bank of the Manhattan Company's sky-scraper at 40 Wall Street, the Bank of China opened a New York agency. The occasion marked the first time that a leading Chinese bank has entered directly the American financial scene.

Visitors walked past double rows of tellers' windows to a green-carpeted reception-room appropriately draped with the Stars and Stripes and the Chinese emblem, a red flag with a white sun blazing in an upper corner of blue. Smiling Orientals greeted them in perfect English, largely acquired in American universities.

The agency staff numbers about twenty. Of these only the four chief figures, C. H. Wang (pronounced Wong), Mr. Lee, Mr. Ha and S. H. Pan were sent over from China. Management rests jointly in the hands of Mr. Wang, experienced Chinese banker, and H. D. R. Burgess, a former Assistant Vice-President of the Irving Trust Company of New York City. Representing the oldest and largest financial institution in China, the bank opened to spur trade between Chinese and Americans.

The Bank of China, a quasi-governmental institution, is owned half by the Chinese Government and half by private interests. Dr. T. V. Soong, Chairman of the Board, is brother-in-law of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, Nanking war-lord. Resources of the bank total 1,342,242,166 Chinese dollars, or approximately $404,000,000 in American money. To it the Chinese Government has entrusted the handling of foreign exchange transactions and the financing of China's foreign trade. Important to

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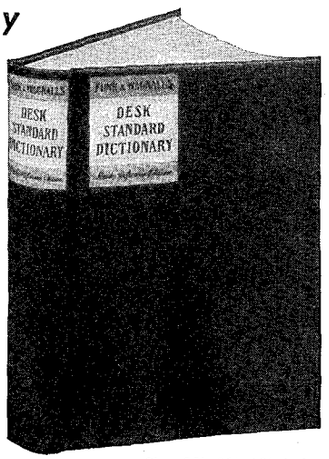

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the American business man are its 200 branches scattered throughout China.

Hitherto, direct banking accommodations have been largely confined to the so-called treaty ports, Shanghai, Canton, Foochow, Ningpo and others. Now, through the agency and the bank's numerous branches, areas of internal China will be opened to American business.

Other Facilities—This means that through the New York agency Americans can get credit reports on Chinese customers and arrange to have shipments of goods financed and bills collected, while Chinese business men can likewise get credit checks and financial assistance in dealing with American purchasers of their wares. In addition, the agency will handle remittances both to and from the Orient for both Chinese and Americans and check on possible investments in either country for foreign capital, even advising Chinese investors which American stocks to buy.

China buys more goods from the United States than from any other nation, Mr. Wang pointed out, and America is China's best customer.

"Last year China imported goods from America worth approximately $52,653,000, comprising 18.92 per cent. of China's entire imports," he said. "The United States in turn purchased from China goods worth approximately $41,059,000, or 23.67 per cent. of China's aggregate exports."

Heavy Industry—While merchandise exports from this country to China last year totaled in value only slightly more than half of those for 1934, Mr. Wang held out high hopes for the future, particularly to American machinery and rail manufacturers.

"Material progress is being made in China under a government-sponsored program of economic reconstruction and development," he said. "Building of roads is being pushed rapidly, and considerable railroad construction is going on. These developments will aid in opening up markets heretofore difficult for American goods to reach."

Mr. Wang, sturdily-built and affable, is one of nearly seventy Chinese graduates of American universities who hold important posts in the Bank of China, its branches and agencies. Thoroughly Americanized after a five-year stay in this country, where he was graduated from Yale in 1916, moving on to Princeton for an M.A., he has seen extensive banking service in Shanghai, Hongkong and Singapore. An enthusiastic and skilled tennis player, he also likes golf, which, he says, is rapidly becoming popular in China.

"But I can't hit the ball," he cried, his dark eyes sparkling with exasperation.

TRADE RETALIATION:

U. S. Strikes Back at Australia After Tariff Increases

Australia landed in *Uncle Sam's* bad books last week.

To bolster intra-Empire trade of Great Britain, Joseph A. Lyons, Premier of the Commonwealth across the Pacific, last May announced sharply boosted tariffs and imposed a licensing system on imports from non-Dominion nations. America's $57,000,000 machinery, tobacco and oil market in that country was at stake. *Uncle Sam* struck back.

On White House orders, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau excluded Australia from benefits accruing under the most-favored-nation system of tariffs. Peremptorily the Commonwealth found herself shut off from duty cuts granted on products listed in treaties with other countries.

© Keystone

Premier Joseph A. Lyons of Australia: his attempts to bolster intra-Empire trade were not appreciated in the United States

In Pittsburgh, Gary and Detroit, executives winced at the possible impairment of substantial outlets for American gasoline, naphtha, automobile chassis, typewriters, agricultural machinery, lubricating oil and tobacco. But since as yet Australia has not refused licenses to import American products, production plans have not been altered. Whether the Commonwealth plans to withhold licenses will not be known for several months.

Australian traders, on their side of the new tariff fence, feared for American markets. Ruined at once was the $300,000-a-year American market for Australian wines. Facing eventual ruin was the market for surplus wool, hides, sausage-casings and other products.

Heavy Shipping—Longshoremen at Melbourne, Brisbane and Sydney last year loaded $14,600,000 of Australian goods on San Francisco-bound ships. Rabbit and hare skins for New York's fur coat industry occupied much space in the holds. Hides, pearl shell and tallow ran into heavy tonnage, and no little freighter space went to wine-casks. Since U. S. Repeal, Australian vintners have placed in this country 150,000 gallons of Muscatelle, Sauterne, Burgundy and Port, valued at more than $1,000,000.

The plight of Australian wine-growers under the President's black list illustrates the operation of the most-favored-nation principle. By signing a reciprocal trade agreement with France, the United States had granted 40 per cent. duty reductions on certain French wines imported into this country. The duty of $1.25 a gallon on Burgundies and Ports, for instance, toppled to 75 cents.

Automatically, as a most favored nation, Australia had gained a 40 per cent. reduction in the price of her wine landed in America, while offering no concessions in return. To importers of Australian wines, the President's black list meant the return of the $1.25 duty. Unless they can pay 50 cents additional per gallon, American consumers of Australian wines will turn to Spanish, French and Italian vintages.

In his high-ceilinged office in the musty War and Navy Building at Washington, Secretary of State Cordell Hull knit his brows over the new snag in his trade reciprocity programs. Closest to his heart of all his plans, friends know, is his task of opening the clogged sluiceways of world trade to a fifteen to twenty-billion-dollar volume of business.

Busy Negotiator—Already Hull had pushed trade pacts with thirteen countries. With Cuba, Sweden, Brazil, Switzerland, Canada, France and seven other reciprocal-trade-pact nations, *Uncle Sam* now conducts one-third of his total $2,038,000,000 (1935) foreign trade. In fact, the most-favored-nation system cherished by the Secretary has become the frequent target for political pot-shots of critics charging it nullifies tariffs enacted by Congress.

Midwestern farmers have clamored most persistently against trade reciprocity. Concessions to foreign agriculture, they storm, invite competition with U. S. domestic products. With an eye toward the farm vote, Republican platform carpenters have hacked out a flat anti-trade pact plank.

Political Views—In the retaliation against Australia, bright New Deal foes therefore scent a political motive. The Australian black list, coming on the heels of similar action against Germany, spells only one thing—a sop to farmer critics of the Administration's foreign trade program. White House pressure had forced Secretary Hull to accede to measures which might endanger further reciprocal trade agreements.

From non-political sources comes more telling criticism. The Government had acted too hastily, exporters fumed. By shipping $57,000,000 of goods to Australia last year, the United States had sold four times as much to the Commonwealth as it had bought. Furthermore, the $57,000,000 figure had increased 32.1 per cent. from 1934 exports, promised to rise further.

The Administration had shown extreme patience with France. Why, then, the impatience with Australia?

Shrewd traders answered their own questions. Retaliation against Australia, they speculated, was aimed, not at the Commonwealth, but at the United Kingdom trade conferences next summer. To the conferees, *Uncle Sam's* swift retaliation would indicate what was in store for other Dominion countries if their deliberations affected him adversely.

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

and the early Christians who refused to salute the Emperor's statue.

The early Christians he referred to were not Christians but Old Testament Hebrew believers in God. They were not asked to *salute* the image but to *bow down and worship* it when the signal was given. These Hebrews obeyed the King in all national customs and requirements. They asked for permission to eat plain food and refrain from drinking strong drink and their request was granted them. When it came to their sacred beliefs in God, they refused to worship an image, for they well knew the command of God, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. *Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them—*"

Los Angeles. [The Rev.] A. C. WEGNER.

A Retort

Sir:—With reference to Mr. Murdock McLennan's letter from Dunfermline, Scotland, in a recent issue, permit me to say that of all the Scotch jokes I have enjoyed in THE DIGEST this letter takes the ribbon, absolutely.

If Mr. Mac enjoys reading only the car advertisements it looks like a sinful waste of Scotch money to subscribe for THE DIGEST, as there must be plenty of such ads in his local papers, unless the Scotch car dealers are too "thrifty" to advertise.

If he thinks we are misspelling the English language, why doesn't he come out flatfooted in favor of spelling it according to Scotch pronunciation? JOHN NELSON.
Everett, Washington.

Opinions Differ

Sir:—Please discontinue sending THE LITERARY DIGEST at expiration of present subscription.

The G.O.P. distributes campaign handbooks free. Why should I pay you?
San Francisco. J. MCSWEENEY.

Sir:—I do not care to continue to subscribe to THE LITERARY DIGEST due to its propaganda and Hearst influences in general.
Seattle, Washington. JOHN C. DANKEL.

Sir:—I do not intend to renew my subscription to a magazine that has shown such very marked pro-English leanings.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
ANGELO CERMINARA.

Sir:—I do not believe that either a newspaper or an individual can prosper "on the fence," so to speak. I would be "for" or "against" and have the courage of my convictions to say so. LUCILLE BURKETT MOXLEY.
Andrews, Texas.

TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO— TRADE YOU AL SMITH AND JIM REED FOR BILL BORAH AND A GOOD SECOND BASEMAN
PATTERNS LANDON AND KNOX VS. ROOSEVELT AND

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CAN'T THIS BE SETTLED SOME WAY?
—Herblock for NEA Service

Sir:—In the conduct of THE LITERARY DIGEST your policy of gathering information from the most reliable sources and presenting the same to the public without distortion or prejudice but at the same time giving the views pro and con upon subjects of importance is most commendable and appears to give general satisfaction.

In my travels in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and Canada I have found readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST. The trustworthiness of its information and the impartiality of its opinions makes it a great favorite and a welcome weekly visitor in all English-speaking countries. I. J. MARTIN.
San Luis Obispo, California.

"Spot"

Sir:—In your recent story: "Edward VIII at 42," I read:

"Often he likes to steal away for a *spot* of tea . . ."

I am puzzled to know what you mean by a "spot of tea," I never heard of such a thing. Perhaps you mean a "Pot" of tea.
Rochester, New York. A. F. MARPLES.

["Spot" is a colloquialism for a small quantity or amount, specifically a small drink of liquor.—*Editor.*]

Oxford Group

Sir:—Thank you for your article on the activities of the Oxford Group.

To people who are not always able to be present at the scene of action of this Movement your article is invaluable.
Calgary, Canada. C. M. RAEPER.

Sir:—You speak of an *organization*, whereas perhaps its very life is due to the fact that it is just a group of people of all denominations or no denomination living a quality of life. You can not join or resign—there are no dues. You are either in it or out of it according to the quality of life you are living.

Instead of the impression of traveling first-class and staying at best hotels—they travel second- and third-class often at immense financial sacrifice. The California group all traveled Tourist. And the best hotels are glad to make rates which are generally 50 per cent less than normal. W. W. MANNING.
San Francisco.

Sir:—As a reader of THE LITERARY DIGEST for more than thirty years, and having in that time developed a good deal of respect for it, I am frankly disgusted at the way you reported the Stockbridge gathering. I know something of that House-Party and, as an old newspaper man, can assure you that you missed the boat completely. E. B. REYNOLDS.
Winnipeg.

Sir:—I have been identified with this (Oxford Group) Movement for four years and feel qualified to speak respectfully. I ask that you continue your discussion until you can reach an appreciation of the Movement commensurate with its importance.

The product, a quality of life vastly different from the great majority of churchmen and churchwomen deserves more space than you have given it. A. L. BALDWIN.
Washington, D. C.

Religion or Race

Sir:—Some of us wonder that even THE LITERARY DIGEST has fallen into the illogical procedure of mentioning a prominent man's church affiliations when he happens to have been brought up in the Jewish church, but of forgetting these affiliations frequently when the man began life in the Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Episcopal or any other of the Christian churches. The only point involved is—why always emphasize the church affiliation in the case of Jewish Americans, Jewish Germans, etc.?

Two reasons why not are quite obvious: (1) This is a free country in religious matters and a man is entitled to be in (or out of) any

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church he chooses, without let or hindrance from any one. (2) It simply is not fact to think of the Jews as a "race"—they are a church and nothing more. STEPHEN G. RICH.
Verona, New Jersey.

[When reference is made to a *Jewish-American* the adjective refers to the man's race, not his religion, as is the case in *Irish-American, Italo-American, etc.*

"In the Old Testament the word *Jew* is applied to one who followed the Mosaic faith as practised at Jerusalem after the return from the Babylonian captivity; and it is thus used in the Book of Esther. In more modern times the word has been loosely applied to the Hebrew race. Under the theocracy the Jews were known as *Hebrews*, under the monarchy as *Israelites*, and during foreign domination as *Jews*. The modern representatives of this stock call themselves *Hebrews* in race and language, and *Israelites* in religion, but *Jews* in both senses." —Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language.—*Editor.*]

"Slips"

Sir:—Couldn't you spare us the editorial comment under each of the "Slips That Pass in the Type"? Let the editor put in one or two of his best ones every week, and relieve both himself and the readers of considerable strain.
Atlanta, Georgia. W. C. THOMAS.

Tabascan

Sir:—I note in describing President Lázaro Cárdenas in a recent issue you stated:

"Not a muscle of his immobile Tabascan features betrayed the firm intent behind his velvety words."

Now, Tabasco is a name of a Mexican State, and this term used anthro or ethnologically has no meaning in describing any racial or facial characteristics. Tarasco, however, is a typical and large Indian nation of the State of Michoacan, of which Cárdenas is a member.
Galveston, Texas. GERO FOUNRAY.

[Mr. Founray is correct. The adjective should have read Tarascan.—*Editor.*]

"Iliad" and "Æneid"

Sir:—Perhaps you can clear up the following controversy:

"A" claims that the "Iliad" and the "Æneid" are purely Greek myths—contain no philosophy—and that these stories may be similarly compared to Grimm's Fairy-Tales.

"B" claims that the "Iliad" and the "Æneid," while they are not purely philosophical, do contain philosophy. DOROTHY B. GREENE.
New York.

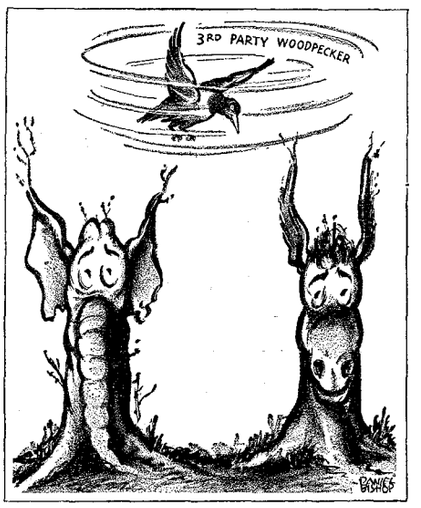
["B" wins, because philosophy is wisdom. Homer's "Iliad" became the basis of a liberal education, and as the influence he exerted on the minds of the people increased, the philosophers of the time were compelled to expound and recommend or oppose and refute both the moral principles and the religious doctrines contained in his epic poem.

Vergil's work was devoted to the glorification of the Roman people. The "Æneid" is monumental as a grand idealization of Imperial Rome. At an early date the idea that there lay hidden a peculiar wisdom and mystic meaning in his verses gained ground, and in the third and fourth centuries such Christian writers as Minutius Felix, Lactantius, and Augustine showed an almost reverential regard for him that led them to use him for theological purposes.—*Editor.*]

Lost Generation

Sir:—In Victor H. White's letter, "Lost Generation," in the June 20 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, our modern youth's ambition is questioned. Ambition and youth are almost synonymous. Graduates are not taught that opportunities are gone. It is experience that forces this truth upon them. In this country there are, at a conservative estimate, some ten or twelve million unemployed. Remember there are no jobs for these poor unfortunates, and surely some small percentage of them must have ambition.

A prospective employer never asks an applicant how ambitious, just how experienced he is. When zealous youth sees former bank presidents working as butchers or grocers, former Wall Street cashiers now working as tellers, and former tellers now taking the place of runners, how can he but wonder in vain just where his place in industry is?
MARTIN V. HOFFMAN.
Guttenberg, New Jersey.



WHERE WILL HE DRILL?
—*Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times*

Slips That Pass in Type

Minot retail merchants Friday had heartily indorsed the campaign waged by the local shoplifters and solicitors of advertising of dubious worth.—*Fargo (N. Dak.) paper.*

Crime pays at last.

Five Years Ago—

Three children died in a cloudburst near Memphis, Texas as floods swept that section of the Southwest. Beneficial rains also fell *in the San Angelo area.—San Angelo (Calif.) paper.*

Everybody happy?

Lieut. and Mrs. H—— L—— and daughter were Belmont visitors last week. Lieutenant L——, a graduate of Belmont High Schol in 1925 and of the U S by a sky rocket.—*Belmont (Mass.) paper.*

A bang-up commencement.

Ban—

WPA PREPARES TO BAR
ALIENS HERE ILLEGALLY
—*Nashville (Tenn.) paper.*

One way's as good as another.

Graduates—

TWO WILL RECEIVE
EXCELSIOR DIPLOMAS
—*Los Angeles paper.*

And were they burned!

G. H. W—— and M—— R——, believe that a prehistoric crematory vault discovered here may be the key to an unknown civilization existing in Kansas centuries before the American Indian.

The vault was discovered recently by L—— C——, Derby, Kan., farmer, when he was preparing one of his friends for spring planting. —*Salt Lake paper.*

Uncremated?

Engineer H. R. A—— and Conductor C. D. H—— were in charge of the rain, which proceeded to San Diego.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Rain, rain, go away ——.

In ceremonies at City Hall, Mayor —— commended the men and began serving a thirty to fifty year sentence in Sing Sing.—*Baltimore paper.*

Busy as a bee, isn't he?

Notice—

I wish to inform the public that the fish in my pond are public property and that I do not allow fishing.—*New London (Conn.) paper.*

Make up your mind.

Mr. and Mrs. G—— K—— of Weslaco announce the birth of a hospital Thursday.—*McAllen (Tex.) paper.*

Kind of makes Mrs. Dionne look like a sissy.

The evangelist will preach both morning and evening.
Special soup and music.—*Pocatello (Idaho) paper.*

To-morrow — Two sermons and Bank Night.

The Executive Yuan, of which Chiang Kai-Shek is the head, has approved flotation of a loan amounting to $120,000,000 in Chicago money, or about $40,000,000 in American money.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Is there that much difference?

An Exception—

E——'S WIFE ON TRIAL
FOR FILLING HER
MOTHER-IN-LAW
—*Baltimore paper.*

We've got to admit it's a tough job.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. D—— have willed their $0,000 ranch on the Pecos river to the Baptist General Conference of Texas.—*Santa Barbara (Calif.) paper.*

Every little bit helps.

Heralded as an event of major importance to the cinema is the debut of the entrancing young coloratura who roared to fame with the Metropolitan Opera Company.—*Calais (Me.) paper.*

A booming young soprano.

F—— P. C.——, of Lake City, 66 years old, candidate for Governor, was born on a farm in Columbia County 58 years ago.—*Orlando (Fla.) paper.*

We always say a man's as old as he feels.

Yale beat Princeton in the closest kind of a track meet the other day, 67 2-3 to 67 1-3, and did it by taking a first and third in the final event. . . . The year before, Yale beat Princeton, 67 to 67, probably a runaway! —*Cumberland (Md.) paper.*

You aren't a Yale man, by any chance?

Her gown was of dusty pink chiffon with Dubonnet accessories, and her hat, also of Dubonnet shade, was of horsehair, and is active in the Modern Dance Group Musicgrams.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

The educated chapeau.

"Amid the historic shrines of New England," C—— K—— said, "I hope to draft the speeches with which I will open my campaign to restore to Americans the scared principles that brought the Pilgrims to those shores."—*Los Angeles paper.*

Listen, we're already scared.

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